

KING OF TRAVELERS

JESUS' LOST YEARS IN INDIA



EDWARD T. MARTIN

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BY

EDWARD T. MARTIN

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U.S.A.

King of Travelers

Jesus' Lost Years in India

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*I dedicate this book to the adventurous and open-minded
explorers and researchers who pioneered the inquiry
into the subject of Jesus in India.*

Among those explorers:

Nicolas Notovitch,

Swami Abhedananda,

Nicholas Roerich,

Aziz Kashmiri,

Mrs. Clarence Gasque,

Madame Elisabeth Caspari,

and many more

MANY THANKS to my wonderful parents, Tommie and Dorothy Martin; my memories of them are evergreen. Thanks to Gladys Darnell and Lila Foster for their help and kindness. Thanks to Paul and Sandy Huffington for encouragement and words of wisdom and good cheer when I needed them. Thank you to Rev. Alan Stanley and Rev. Ramiro Serna for wise spiritual guidance. Thanks to Rita Abrego and Elmo Guernsey for being friends and kindred spirits. Thank you to Barbara Lamb, Helen Billings, and George Kruse for friendship, spiritual wisdom, and encouragement; the four of us have been together in many lifetimes.

A special thanks to Dr. Leo Sprinkle of Laramie, Wyoming for taking time to read my manuscript and then writing the marvelous Foreword for this book. I recommend Leo very highly for anyone who wants to explore a UFO-related missing time experience.

Special thanks also to Ed Reaves of San Antonio, Texas for his excellent skills as an attorney and for his support and encouragement.

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Thanks to Larry Katkin of Fairbanks, Alaska for telling me years ago that I would write this book. He was right!

Thanks to Greg Ferland of Austin, Texas for his wise insights, support, and encouragement. I appreciate his help.

Lastly, my thanks to the one whose name means "the arrow of death against the untruth." And thanks also to my many friends in India, and elsewhere throughout Central Asia, without whose help this book could not have been produced.



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*For the one who stayed awake with Immanuel
that fateful night in Gethsemane.*

TJ 28:14

FOREWORD

H*ave you got your ticket?* These words often were used by a friend of mine, now deceased, to invite someone to a new challenge, whether it be a physical journey, an intellectual exploration, or a leap of faith.

If my friend were alive, he thoroughly would enjoy reading *King of Travelers* by Edward T. Martin. He would appreciate the rigors of walking through rugged and isolated territories; the tolerance for dealing with everyday people who are experiencing everyday problems in living, and the faith of a true Christian who seeks the truth as well as the enlightenment of Jesus the Christ.

Edward T. Martin has provided us with a ticket: a marvelous opportunity for a new journey, a new insight, and a new faith in the miraculous life of Jesus, Issa, Jmmanuel, et al.

Some persons may pick up the book but decide not to embark on the journey. They may fear the loss of a cherished image of Christ as a distant God. Or they may fear that the “gospel” (good news) is based upon the self-responsibility and self-education of many lifetimes. Or fear the connection of UFOs and spirituality.

For persons who read the book, and experience the message, there will be a profound gratitude for the author, Edward T. Martin, and for his courage and commitment to truth.

Ed is a person of many dimensions: tanned and compact, he is a fit outdoorsman; intelligent and curious, he relishes an historical mystery; generous and helpful to those around him, he seeks to renew the faith of others in the power of love as taught by Jesus.

Ed is among several writers, e.g., James W. Deardorff, Ph.D. who have analyzed the problems of the New Testament and the evidence that Jesus survived the crucifixion and continued his ministry, with family and friends, throughout Asia. The legends and the written documents are consistent, whether the source be Buddhist, Christian, Muslim or pagan writers.

A dogmatic Christian may refuse to look at the evidence, wishing to keep his or her image of Christ on the Cross, rather than the image of a living Jesus, walking and talking with the peoples of Asia and India. However, that same Christian could take pleasure (pride? or is that being un-Christian?) in noting the influence that continued in so many communities from the teachings and healings of Jesus. Which is better: A frozen image of shame and suffering? Or a living and

loving image of a traveler who continued his ministry of love and commitment to serving each and all of humanity?

You have your ticket!

So, climb aboard the pack of the writer, peek over his shoulder, and prepare yourself for visions of places and faces, climes and cultures, and the mystery of Jesus' lost years.

In my view, Ed Martin is a rugged outdoorsman; an excellent teacher and writer; and a true Christian: He seeks to live like Jesus/Issa/Jmmanuel, walking and talking, in many communities, with many people.

Ed truly enjoys other people, whether they are rich or poor, powerful or hapless, ignorant or enlightened. He shares his coin, courage, and compassion with all those who are on the same path: *The Journey of the Soul*.

Enjoy the journey!

R. Leo Sprinkle, Ph.D.

*Counseling Psychologist
(and Professor Emeritus,
Counseling Services,
University of Wyoming)
Author of Soul Samples*

"All great ideas begin as heresies."

— George Bernard Shaw

"All over Central Asia, in Kashmir, Ladakh and Tibet and even farther North, there is still a strong belief that Jesus or Isa traveled about there."

— Jawaharlal Nehru,

Glimpses of World History

"A Traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands."

—William Shakespeare,

As You Like It

"I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well. Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my experiences."

—Henry David Thoreau,

A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers

PREFACE

“And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.”

—The Gospel of John 21:25

This is an unusual book. Part of the focus of this book is about the many missing years in the life of Jesus Christ, or, as I believe, he was actually called Jmmanuel. The missing years are from the age of 12 until the year he began his ministry. I have reasons to believe that most of the missing years were spent as a student and teacher in India, Nepal, Tibet, Iran, and Egypt.

A second part of the focus of this book is about the intriguing possibility that Jesus did not die on the cross, that he was in a state of near-death, and later recovered.

And that he later returned to India, married, and lived a long life. And was buried there. At first, I completely rejected even the possibility that such a thing could have happened. Because I did not want to believe it, despite the evidence I was finding. It was more comfortable, back then, for me to cling to what I had been taught as a child, even if I sensed it was false. I later learned about a most remarkable book, *The Talmud of Immanuel*, which sheds an entirely new light on the subject of Jesus in India.

A third focus of this book is personal narrative about my own spiritual journey. In telling this narrative, I have included a lot of personal, direct experiences which, although not precisely connected to the Jesus in India subject, may be intriguing nonetheless. Some of those stories are about my trek to Everest Base Camp, my UFO missing time experiences, Alaska grizzly bear stories, out-of-body experiences, meetings with my spirit guide, climbing a few high mountains, Yeti stories, travel stories from Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, and Nepal, and more! This is heady stuff, yes! And wild! Not many people are crazy enough, or unconventional enough, to seek out the same experiences and knowledge which I have. I have gone through many hardships willingly.

A fourth focus of this book is about materials in connection with a unique UFO contactee case in Switzerland: that of Eduard Albert 'Billy' Meier. Since seeing his first UFO at the age of five years, while with his father, Meier has had a long involvement with human extraterrestrial visitors from the Pleiades. Meier's formal education was intentionally limited to avoid having to un-learn much of our flawed mainstream public education. Rather, Meier traveled, worked, and lived, throughout much of Africa and Asia,

including India. To me, that is the best possible real education. Mr. Meier was a co-discoverer of *The Talmud of Immanuel* documents. For the complete and accurate information about Mr. Meier, please see the Resources section at the end of this book and contact his organization directly.

Let's return for now to the subject of the many 'lost' years in the life of young Jesus. Why is it that our vast Western Civilization, which is overwhelmingly Christian, expresses so little curiosity about those missing 18 years? Obviously, Jesus lived through those years; he was somewhere. But where was he and what was he doing? Why do our traditional New Testament Gospels hide those years from us? What is being covered up and why?

Was Jesus just fiddling around in his father's carpentry shop, happily humming away, making tables and chairs? Why did he waste so much time, piddling around, one might ask? What was he waiting for? Why didn't he start his ministry much sooner?

For that matter, there is no real evidence at all that Jesus became a carpenter. There is only an assumption of that, because in those days sons often took the same profession as their fathers. But, not always.

Many people overlook a very important historical point: Jewish boys and girls of that time were normally expected to get married at the age of 12 or 13 years. That was a powerful social and cultural part of expected, proper behavior. The expectation was even stronger for a very intelligent, good-looking, healthy boy from a decent family.

Concerning the physical appearance of Jesus, Elsie Sechrist, an author who wrote extensively about Edgar

Cayce, quoted a historical eyewitness of Jesus. The alleged witness was a Roman centurion named Longinus, who wrote: "He is a handsome and dignified man of above average height. His hair is long, touching his shoulders, and both his hair and beard are the color of new wine, reddish. He does not speak often; but, when he does speak, his words are clear and of great quality. He enjoys humor and is known to laugh often."

In that context, young sexy Jesus would have been a real 'catch.' Certainly, the fathers of eligible, attractive girls would be approaching Joseph and Mary to discuss the situation: "Which girl will Jesus marry and how soon? When will you decide?" Certainly, the pressure would be building. For a boy intending to become a rabbi, a spiritual teacher, the expectation of marriage, if anything, would be even stronger.

In that context, any boy who stubbornly refused marriage would be considered perhaps immoral (he wants to have sex with lots of girls), indecent, crazy, physically unable, or just weird. It certainly would have put a burden and disadvantage upon any such boy.

But, when Jesus began his ministry and was apparently single, he had no such disadvantage of public opinion. What could explain that? Perhaps the most plausible explanation is that he was physically absent for many years. One acceptable reason for not marrying was that of traveling extensively, for example, for the purpose of studying in foreign lands. One could hardly expect such a person to put a spouse through the many hardships of long travels. Such a person could be expected to marry later.

Let us not forget also, that Jesus had brothers and sisters! The Gospels speak about those siblings in

Matthew 13: 55,56. If Jesus decided to secretly leave home at, let's say, the age of 13, he could have written a farewell letter to his parents, explaining that he was going away to study and would return after some years. Then, he could slip away at night, walk some distance, and join a camel caravan going eastward to India.

In those times, a strong boy of 13 would be considered a man, and a caravan leader could always use a helpful, trustworthy young man. Mary and Joseph would be upset, yes, but they had other sons and daughters to think about, and life simply must go on. The parents knew that their son had a lot of maturity and good judgment for his years, and besides, they would see him in the future. Recently, I heard a lady minister at a Unity Church say jokingly that she wished her son had gone away at 13 and reappeared later. Life would have been much easier, she said.

In seriousness, though, another possibility is that young Jesus may have had a sponsor, a wealthy patron. Levi Dowling, a Union Army Civil War Chaplain, put that possibility forward in his beautiful book, *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ*. In that book, a Prince Ravanna from the eastern India state of Orissa was visiting Jerusalem and became the sponsor of Jesus.

Considering the long history of the written word and record-keeping in India, Pakistan, Nepal, and Tibet, it is possible that more written details of the youth and later life of Jesus may be uncovered in the future. More surprises may lie ahead.

"Where there is smoke, there is fire" and there is a tremendous amount of smoke regarding the subject of Jesus in India! Not only may there be undiscovered ancient historical documents, but the recent advances in

DNA testing and forensic medicine may open up unimagined possibilities for exploring the truth.

One additional reason I have written this book is because I want to make myself available to help and encourage people in their spiritual search. I want to help people of all ages, but especially young adults, people who are beginning their search. One analogy I have heard is that of the word "triage."

The triage concept was developed by French battle-field surgeons, that is, of all those wounded, about one-third would die anyway, another third were slightly hurt and would live anyway. The middle third of the triage were between life and death and could go either way. That group was where the major attention was placed. I'm certainly not a surgeon, but what I mean by this analogy is that many people are between light and darkness in their spiritual search, and could go either way. Perhaps I can encourage some people in their search for the truth.

As the statement is made in the X-Files: "The truth is out there." The TRUTH, the queen of all our dreams. Glistening, pouring in like beams of bright sunlight into a forest of darkness. May the truth vanquish the darkness. Personally, I think that finding the truth about the subject of Jesus in India, about Jmmanuel, will transform our thinking and way of life, changing us all for the better. I hope you enjoy my search as much as I have.

Sincerely,

Edward T. Martin
Lampasas, Texas
June, 1999

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Of incidental note to the reader is the following e-mail from Dr. James W. Deardorff:

The missing 18 years—from age 12 until 30. Open *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* to verse 2:1, and you read that Jmmanuel was born during the time of Herod Antipas. This was not King Herod, but one of his sons. If you research it, you find that Antipas received the dynastic title of Herod in 6 A.D.

Then read in *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* 1:97 that this occurred soon after the decree of Caesar Augustus went out (as is also in the Gospel of Luke). This decree has been recognized by at least one scholar (historian Peter Wiseman) to have been the decree issued in 6 A.D. to take an enrollment of all Roman citizens in preparation for an inheritance tax to be imposed. Then in *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* 1:98 one reads that this also occurred in the time that Cyrenius was prefect in Syria, which at that time included Judea and Bethlehem. Cyrenius is known to have acquired this post in 6 A.D. (Luke has this also).

So why do most scholars and the church think that Jesus was born a year or so before 4 B.C.? Because in Matthew it says the birth took place during the reign of King Herod, shortly (maybe a year or so) before his death, which is known to have been in 4 B.C.

So the Gospels are in conflict over this, but in *The Talmud of Immanuel* all facts coincide that Jesus' birth was in 6 A.D. With hindsight one can easily see that the writer of Matthew falsified it (simply by changing Antipas to King), partly in order that he could add a quote (see Mt 2:20) that is patterned after Exodus 4:19 and so compared Jesus favorably to Moses; and partly in order that he could heap abuse upon the hated King Herod by inventing the story about the massacre of the firstborn sons (Mt 2:16).

The reason the church settled for Matthew being right and Luke wrong here is likely because Jesus would be a good ten years more mature during his Palestinian ministry if they went with the earlier birthdate of 4–6 B.C.

This is all in my book *The Problems of New Testament Gospel Origins* (Mellen Press, 1992), pp. 115-117, and in *Celestial Teachings*.

So if Immanuel was born in 6 A.D. (and left for India in 18 A.D.), he would have been 26 years old at the time of the crucifixion in 32 A.D., and so maybe only 23 or 24 years old upon returning from his "lost" years in India.



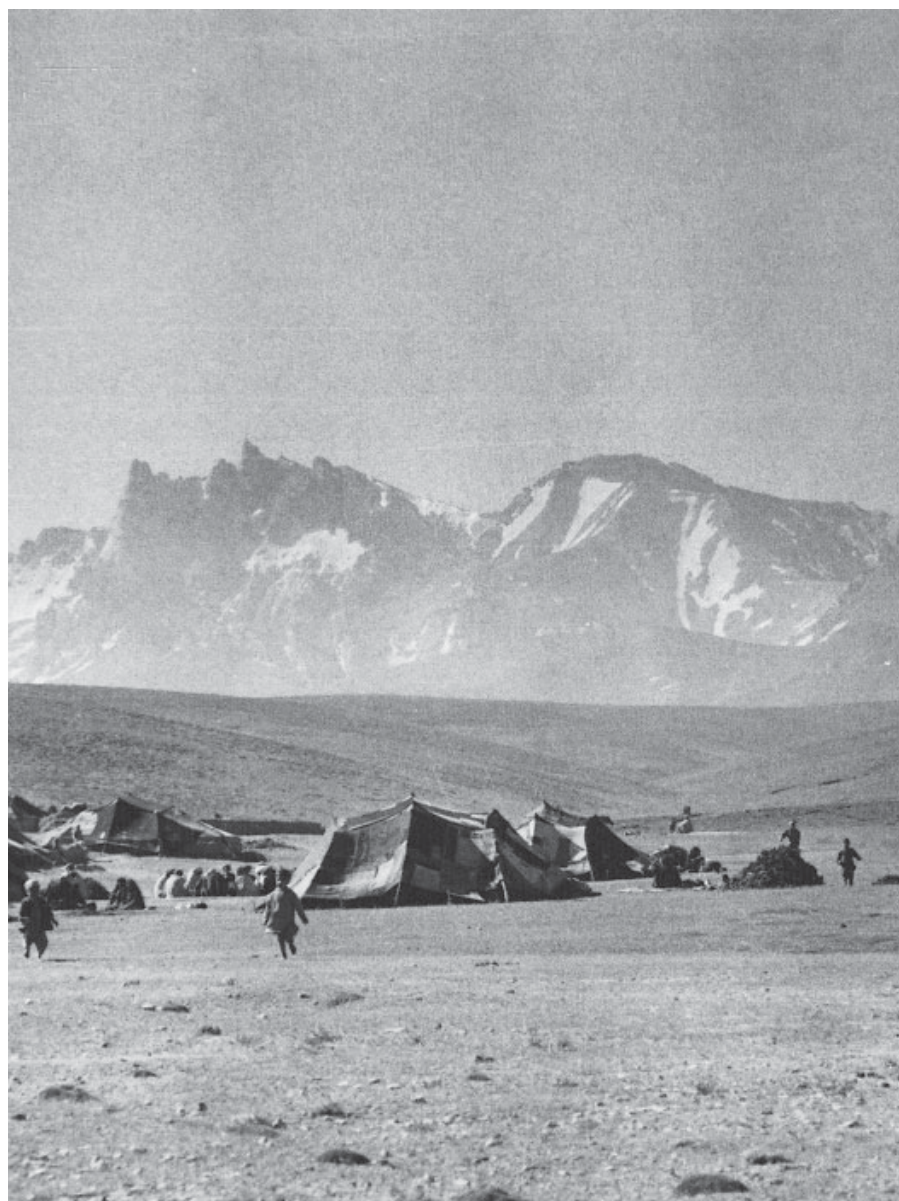
KING OF TRAVELERS

JESUS' LOST YEARS IN INDIA



"We are going again, this time to Central Asia, where, if anywhere upon earth, wisdom is to be found, and we anticipate that our journey will be a long one."

— H. Rider Haggard, *She*



CHAPTER 1

A Very Strange Bottle of Beer: A Connection with Jesus in India

Whenever a human being sets out to find the real truth about something, he must first arm himself with great courage. Because he may not find what he is expecting.

—Jiddu Khrishnamurti

With a roar, the Ariana Afghan Airlines jet burst downwards through the dense cloud cover and began the descent toward Kabul, Afghanistan. The jagged, snow-capped peaks of the Hindu Kush, the “Hindu Killer” mountains, the western extension of the Himalayas, sprawled below us. A strange-looking array of mud buildings, turbaned men with rifles slung on

their shoulders, and a caravan of two-humped, Bactrian camels loomed below us. I looked around at my friends as we all stared out the windows of the aircraft. We all had an eerie feeling. It was as if we were about to arrive on a strange, alien planet. In a sense, we were.

I was a young Peace Corps volunteer about to be stationed in the central Asian country of Afghanistan. After three months of Persian language and cross-cultural training, our group of about 35 Americans would be sworn in as volunteers and given work assignments. I had volunteered for the Peace Corps because I wanted to do some form of national service for my country, the United States of America. In World War Two, my father, Thomas F. Martin, had gallantly volunteered to serve in the Army Air Force. He died suddenly from a heart attack when I was 19.

Another reason I was in the Peace Corps was because I had the strong desire to visit India. Yes, I had grown up in a small town in Texas. Every summer we had gone on family vacation trips to different parts of the United States. By the time I finished high school I had seen many parts of the U.S.A. But India? I can't explain it, but since I was a child, I had wanted to go to India. I was keenly interested in spirituality and other religions, such as Hinduism and Buddhism. I wanted to explore things firsthand.

A third reason for being in the Peace Corps was pure red-blooded, rip-snorting, hell-raising adventure! I wanted to see the world! Especially the Third World, the developing countries of Africa, Asia, and South America. I wanted to have my own firsthand, direct knowledge of the world. I wanted to check things out personally, and see if the things I had been taught were

A Very Strange Bottle of Beer



Street scene, Kabul, Afghanistan (note woman on right wearing a full veil).

really true. I wanted to think independently, outside of the box, and to draw my own conclusions. And I wanted the fun and thrill and adventure of traveling to exotic lands and experiencing the diversity, beauty, and wonders of this planet.

Part of that firsthand knowledge also, would be my own enquiry about human nature. For example: why do human beings on planet Earth love to fight so much? I'm not talking about self-defense, which is necessary and good. I'm talking about excessively hot-tempered, over-aggressive, war-loving behavior. Somehow, to me, something seemed out-of-whack, just wrong. Are humans supposed to be like that? I wondered if human beings in other star systems could be as war-crazy as we are?



Sawdust used as winter heating fuel.

Another thing I had puzzled about is how rapidly humans get old. I had even at times seen high school students with grey hairs. Or people in their 20's or 30's beginning to look like old people. Why did the Old Testament in the Bible tell of people routinely living hundreds of years? Later, I found a possible explanation for both puzzles: the possibility of a very ancient genetic manipulation. More on this later.

So in Afghanistan, our group of about 35 volunteers were taken first to a dormitory-type building in the Shari-Nau (New City) section of Kabul. It was December that year, and the weather was cold and icy, with occasional snowfalls. Our rooms were heated with stoves which burned sawdust as fuel.

We studied Farsi (Persian) language from a group of Afghan teachers. They also taught us about the culture and customs of Afghanistan, and how to get along. In our free time, we walked in the bazaars, went

exploring by bicycle or taxi, or drank tea and smoked water pipes. I used to love to go to a laid-back, hippie-type restaurant on “Chicken Street,” near the Green Hotel, where a man from India was always playing beautiful music with his sitar.

The Road to India

The paved road from Istanbul, in western Turkey, continues eastward through Tehran, Iran, through Afghanistan and Pakistan, all the way to New Delhi, India, and beyond. United Nations Highway One is the modern designation for the road. The route itself is one of the most ancient and famous trade routes in the world: the legendary “Overland to India” route.

Also called “The Silk Road” because of the ancient trade in silk which went from China all the way to Rome. Marco Polo had traveled the Silk Road through Afghanistan, in 1272, with his father and uncle. They passed through the spectacular province of Badakhshan—high, forested country, famous for its deep-blue lapis lazuli stones. Then they went through the Wakhan corridor of the Pamirs, the “Roof of the World.” The Pamir Mountains are the home of the “Ovis Poli,” the huge, wild “Marco Polo” sheep, which look like a gigantic version of Alaskan Dall Sheep. Finally, they climbed through the Wakhjir Pass, and continued eastward to China.

Now, there were always many young travelers with backpacks, especially from Europe, making the journey from Europe to India, London to Kathmandu, or some variation thereof. Thousands of them passed through Afghanistan every year, by bus, car, motorcycle, or even

bicycle! I enjoyed talking with them and envied their freedom and sense of adventure.

After a couple of weeks in Kabul, we were sent eastward to continue our three months of training at a town in the desert called Jalalabad. It was pretty grim. On my first day there, I was sent to take a message concerning vaccinations to a doctor at a hospital. For a hospital, the place was incredibly dusty and filthy, with flies buzzing everywhere. People directed me to the doctor, I knocked on the door, and he told me to enter.

I was astounded when I opened the door and found two very bloody, dead Afghan men lying on the tile floor. It looked like they had both been shot in the face at close range with a shotgun. The Afghan doctor examining them looked up with a big grin and said, "They were stupid! They stopped in the desert to pick up a hitchhiker and he killed them both and stole their truck!" He then threw his head back and laughed hilariously! I quickly handed him the paper with the message, turned, and left. I was close to vomiting.

A couple of days after that, some of us watched an Afghan man kill his camel with a sword in a fit of rage. He then gutted it, butchered it, and sold the meat on the spot. He had plenty of buyers. We also watched people whipping emaciated horses and once saw a group of children stone a stray dog to death. Muslims, generally speaking, hate dogs and consider that dogs breathe out filth with their breath. The Prophet Mohammed, in his escape from Medina, was betrayed by the barking of dogs.

Well, our training in Jalalabad went okay. The Afghan women, by the way, almost all wore the socklike, complete body covering called the "chador," or,

A Very Strange Bottle of Beer

“shadri.” It was like each woman was wearing a tent-like contraption which was a full-body veil. It was annoying, at least, to not be able to look at the women.

About women: once we accidentally threw a frisbee over a high mud fence. One male trainee climbed up



*Downtown scene near Public Garden Bridge,
Kabul, Afghanistan.*

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and looked over into a yard where several women ran into a house. A minute or two later, a very mean-looking Afghan man brandishing a bolt action rifle came striding into our compound. He was bearded, wearing a turban and robes, with a bandolier of rifle cartridges and a very long knife on his belt. He spoke angrily in Farsi, shook his fist in the air repeatedly, and left. One of our male Afghan teachers translated that he said if anyone sticks their head over the fence again, he will kill them. We didn't play frisbee any more.

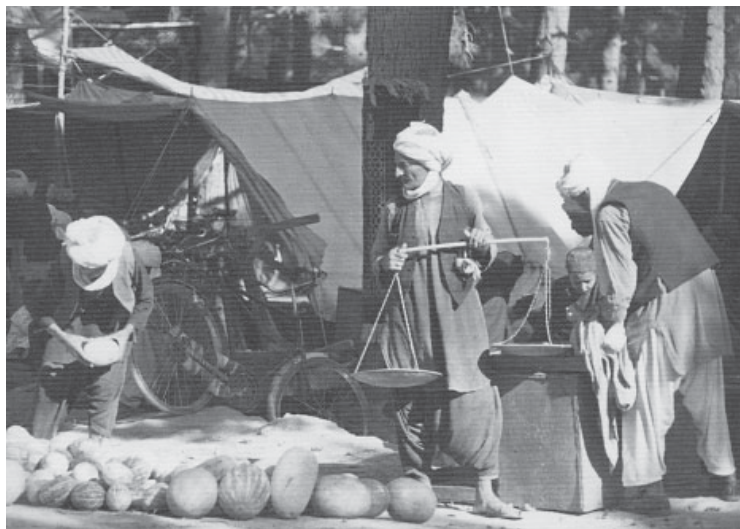
Becoming a Peace Corps Volunteer

After the training, we were sworn in as full-fledged Peace Corps Volunteers. I was sent to teach English as a Second Language (ESL) to the Afghan government employees at a place called Central Statistics Office in the Karte Char section of Kabul. The work was okay.



Local bus, Jalalabad, Afghanistan.

A Very Strange Bottle of Beer



Watermelon bazaar, Herat, Afghanistan. Marco Polo wrote that Afghanistan has the best melons in the world.

My students were pleasant, educated adults and the classes included both men and women.

But being a foreigner in Afghanistan was very difficult. Especially for a young person from a Western country, it was exasperating! Afghanistan is a rigidly strict Muslim country with a repressive, police-state type of government. There are no bars, no night clubs, no dancing, no alcohol, and so forth. At that time, there was not any television in the country, either. Or videos. And all women are brutally oppressed.

Many of the Afghan people simply hate foreigners! Historically, foreigners have invaded Afghanistan, plundered, and just brought trouble. So many Afghans don't even try to conceal their contempt. One favorite trick is for an Afghan to "accidentally" spit on the pants or dress of a foreigner. The leering smile and phony apology only

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make it worse. And if you really protest, you stand a good chance of having an icepick-shaped knife plunged into your chest by an irate Afghan male.

And incidentally, the word “xenophobia,” meaning fear or hatred of strangers or foreigners is believed by some people to come from the name of one of Alexander the Great’s generals, named Xenophon. Alexander and his army passed through Afghanistan in about 300 B.C. en route to India. And incidentally, also, in the vicinity of the Khyber Pass, Alexander and his army were harassed by two flying, “silvery shields” which swooped at them repeatedly. Ancient UFOs?

Also, in Afghanistan there is more than a 90% illiteracy rate, so there are a lot of uneducated, even stupid people running around. The poverty in Afghanistan is grindingly oppressive. There is no petroleum-based wealth in Afghanistan. There is a tremendous amount of public filth, open sewers, and the like. Many Afghan



Street scene, Herat, Afghanistan

people also have strong body odors because of not enough bathing and clothes washing.

One of the few places where a young American could go to relax and forget about being in Afghanistan, was at the American Embassy Annex. Within the Annex was a spacious bar, equipped with foreign liquors. The bartender was a Pakistani Christian known simply as Mr. Wilson. Pakistani Christians are generally obligated to take Western names. And being a Christian, it was okay for him to handle alcoholic beverages.

Edgar Cayce and the Subject of Jesus in India

I had volunteered for the Peace Corps in the first place because I was hoping to get a work assignment in India. I embarked on my own journey of spiritual unfolding when at the age of eighteen I met a young man from Hopkinsville, Kentucky who told me about Edgar Cayce. Cayce is America's best known and best respected psychic and prophet. He was from Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Among the thousands of life readings and medical readings which Cayce gave, there were numerous times when Cayce stated that Jesus had indeed lived in India. For example, in one trance, Cayce said: "Jesus' studies in India, Persia, and Egypt covered much greater periods...." Furthermore, the readings said that Jesus had lived many years in India and had studied and learned from great teachers there. I wanted to investigate this!

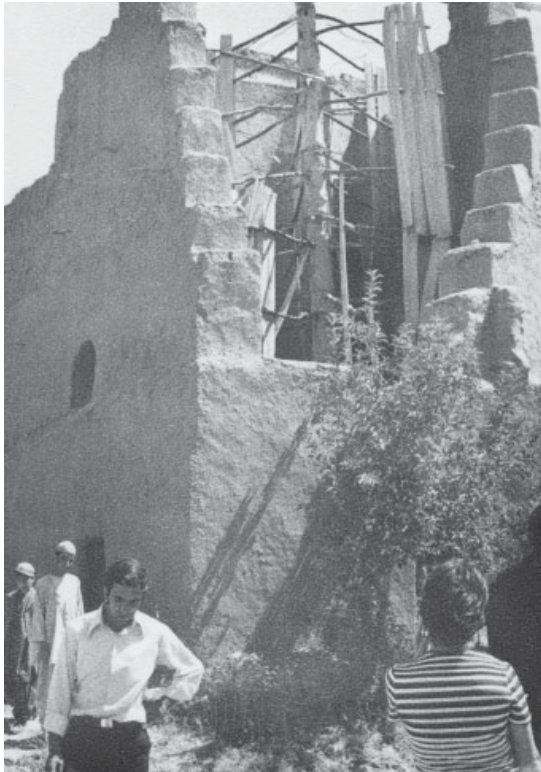
A second source of information, *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ* by Levi Dowling, a Civil War chaplain

in the Union Army, gives a beautiful narrative account of the life and teachings of Jesus in India, Tibet, and elsewhere. Dowling obtained the material by frequently going into meditation and contacting the Akashic Records, which is a recording of all the words, thoughts, and deeds of all the people who have ever lived on earth. Cayce frequently used the Akashic Records also and affirmed that they are very real! So regarding Jesus in India, I was inclined to accept the idea, if for no other reason, simply because of the high regard I have for the Edgar Cayce readings. After all, didn't it seem really strange about the mysterious, missing years in the life of Jesus between the ages of 12 and when he began his ministry? Why is there only one transitional verse between those two ages? That verse is in the second chapter of Luke, and it states: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man." And that describes many years of living?!? And, Jesus of Nazareth is easily the most important historical figure in world history! And we meekly accept that missing time without any question???

Doesn't it seem transparently obvious that something significant is being intentionally omitted? And if so, what could the hot potato be? And what heresies are within the truth which has been concealed from us??? The conventional explanation is that following the incident at the age of 12, at the feast of the Passover, when Jesus disappeared from Mary and his surrogate father Joseph, he was found in a very scholarly discussion with Rabbi Hillel and the other High Priests. Later, we are supposed to believe he worked with Joseph in the carpentry shop until his ministry.

Then He began His ministry and was crucified at the age of 33. Perhaps as is shown in the movie *Ben Hur*,

A Very Strange Bottle of Beer



*Ancient vertical windmill,
Herat, Afghanistan.*

Jesus would frequently skip off from his carpentry work and go for long, moody walks in the hills where somehow, magically, great spiritual knowledge would keep coming to him. Despite my infinite respect and profound regard for Jesus, I think that explanation is downright dopey!

It makes much more sense to me that a person so intensely and deeply dedicated to spiritual growth as Jesus was, would travel and actively seek out great

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spiritual teachers who would have the wisdom, training, and books he would need. I was told that the great traveler and Muslim scholar Ibn Batutta referred to Jesus as the “King of Travelers.” The *Holy Koran* of the Muslims calls Jesus the “Chief of Travelers.” Wouldn’t that indicate that Jesus must have traveled extensively outside of the Middle East? And Muslim scholars had various historical sources of knowledge about those travels.

Only a few days before my departure for Afghanistan, an amazing incident happened. I strongly believe now that it was an act of divine order, or as Bill Moyers would put it: “being helped by hidden hands.” I was staying at my mother’s house in our hometown of Lampasas, Texas. One afternoon my mother returned to the house in a state of excitement and told me that she had just seen a high school classmate of hers whom she had not seen in many years. This man had become a career diplomat in the U.S. State Department, and, as it turned out, had spent much of his career in India!

Hearing about Kashmir, India

My mother was at a fabric shop in downtown Lampasas that day, buying thread for her dry cleaning business, when she saw her old friend and his wife. At first, she walked out of the store, uncertain if the man was really whom she thought. But then somehow, she rallied her courage and walked back into the store and spoke to the man. It was her classmate after all!

He introduced his wife and after a few minutes of reminiscing, my mother happened to mention that her younger son would be leaving in a few days to go to

A Very Strange Bottle of Beer

Afghanistan, to serve as a Peace Corps volunteer. She explained that my reason for going to that part of the world was because I had the very keen desire to visit India and to see many parts of India firsthand. Her friend's eyes became big and he enthusiastically explained that he had spent much of his life living and working in India. "I must speak with your son!" he exclaimed.

As soon as my mother and I had finished speaking, there came a knock at the door and in stepped my mother's friend. He smiled and we shook hands and invited him to sit with us in the breezeway. While my mother went to the kitchen to bring drinks, her friend discussed India in some detail. Before long, he came to an important point. "You must visit Kashmir while you



*Caretaker with doves at the Tomb of Ali
in Mazar-i-Sharif, Afghanistan*

are in India!" he insisted. "There is no other place like it," he explained, "on the whole planet it is unique. The vale of Kashmir is like heaven on earth."

My mother's friend soon had to leave, but I thought a long time about what he had said. Inwardly, something had changed. Before, I had thought only marginally about Kashmir. It was on a far, back burner. Probably, I would not have gone there. But thanks to my mother's friend, I had made a decision: I would go to Kashmir, God willing. I am very glad I did. I would never have expected what I found there!

Murree Beer

So to return to my Peace Corps experience in Afghanistan: one afternoon after work, I was at the bar within the American embassy annex. As I walked to the bar and approached the Pakistani bartender, Mr. Wilson, I had no idea that something significant was about to take place in my life. I looked behind Mr. Wilson at the display bottles sitting on the shelves. One bottle of beer in particular caught my attention. The label said "Murree Beer," a brand brewed in neighboring Pakistan.

I asked to see a bottle. As I examined the label, I asked Mr. Wilson, a Pakistani Christian, where the name Murree came from.

"Murree is a town in northern Pakistan in the Himalayan foothills, sahib," replied Mr. Wilson.

"Is Murree named after an Englishman?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sahib," he responded, "Murree comes from the name Mary."

"Was Mary a woman from England?"

United States of America



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*In recognition of dedicated service and
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President

"Oh, no, sahib. Mary was the mother of Jesus," he said.

I felt puzzled. I took a long sip of beer. "But Pakistan is mostly a Muslim country. Why would a town have a Christian name?" I asked.

"Because Mary is buried there; her tomb is in that place. The town grew up around it and is named for

Mary," he said.

My mind was boggled for a long moment. I took a longer sip of beer. "Let me see if I understand you correctly," I said. "You are saying that Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ, is buried at a place in northern Pakistan. Is that correct?" I asked.

"Most assuredly, sahib. I have been there numerous times myself and visited the holy tomb. It is considered a sacred place by both Christians and Muslims alike."

"But why would Mary, the mother of Jesus, be buried in northern Pakistan? What would she possibly be doing there?" I asked.

Mr. Wilson shrugged his shoulders and took a deep breath as he dried a glass with a towel. "Some people believe that Jesus survived the crucifixion; that he was in a state of near-death. They believe that he later returned to India and was accompanied by his mother and other people. Mary became sick and died during the journey." Mr. Wilson turned to take care of another customer and I shifted my thoughts inward and reflected on our discussion.

It was years later when I was reading *Jesus in India* by Dr. James W. Deardorff that I found a passage on page 245 concerning the existence of a Yuz Asaf sect near Herat, Afghanistan. Yuz Asaf is the name used by Jesus / Jmmanuel after the crucifixion and means "leader of the healed" (or cleansed). Specifically, the name may refer to those who were healed of leprosy. This sect knew of Yuz Asaf having survived the crucifixion and traveling past their area at or near Herat and on to the Kashmir area. They also knew of his time spent as a youth in India. This is completely independent evidence from any which the Muslims or

Ahmadiyyas (a Kashmiri sect) have recorded, and so is quite valuable.

Independent Evidence from Herat, Afghanistan

The passage states: "In northwestern Afghanistan there are some 1,000 devotees of Isa, son of Maryam, living within several scattered villages and centered at Herat. They revere him as having been Yuz Asaf, their ancient teacher. Their traditions are surprisingly similar to what is reported herein: Isa escaped the cross, was helped to flee to India, where he had been before in his youth, and later settled in Kashmir where he lived for over thirty years past the time of the crucifixion. He was (again) regarded as possessing the power to perform miracles. These believers in Isa are not Ahmadiyyas, however, as they possess their own traditions on this that date back through the centuries."

The passage continues: "Their present leader, Abba Yahyya (Father John) can recite the names of the succession of their other leaders or teachers through nearly 60 generations back to Yuz Asaf himself, according to O.M. Burke, who personally interviewed Father John while researching Sufism in this area of the globe (Omar Michael Burke, *Among the Dervishes*, London: Octagon Press, 1976, p. 107). If one assigns 32 years per generation, this number of generations indeed takes one back to the end of the first century. Burke referred to the sect as Christians, as they do regard Isa as the Son of God; however, they cannot be considered Christians in any orthodox sense. They do not trust the New Testament gospels, for example, as their own traditions were

learned from Isa or Yuz Asaf during years following the crucifixion, according to their leader.”

The passage concludes: “In eastern Afghanistan near the towns of Ghazni and Jalalabad, respectively, there are two platforms that bear the name of Yuz Asaf, where he is said to have sat and preached (K.N. Ahmad, *Heaven on Earth*, 360; Kersten, *Jesus Lived in India*, 184). Unfortunately, K.N. Ahmad did not spell out the location of the platform within either of these two cities, nor in this instance refer to his sources.

Returning to my Peace Corps experience: I thanked Mr. Wilson for our good discussion, finished my beer, and left him a good tip. Then I walked to the far side of the mostly vacant room and found a dimly lit area with cushions beside a wall where I could lie down for a while.

Waiting for His Divine Cue

Wow, I thought, that was a very strange bottle of beer! How do you like your Jesus? I thought. Well, I thought then, I like my Jesus stone-cold dead. Dead as a doornail! That is, after he’s been crucified. Then he gets to magically come back to life for a little while—the Resurrection! Of course, it’s kind of peculiar that he still needs to eat food, like when he visited the fishermen beside the lake and said he was hungry and ate some fish. I wonder if he still did bowel movements after the Resurrection? And if so, would that be holy excrement?

So after he’s appeared to enough folks, and given the Great Commission to preach the Gospel everywhere, he miraculously ascends into the air (or was that added later?) and sits at the right hand of God

Almighty. And supposedly, he's still sitting there now, biding his time, waiting for his divine cue, to go into action at the Second Coming.

Certainly, I did not want Jesus to be in a state of near-death and then with the help of healers, medicines, and salves to survive! And certainly, like any good Christian, I didn't want him to become healthy again! And, God forbid, I wouldn't want him later to run off to India. And be palsy-walsy with his Hindu and Buddhist friends! Maybe drinking wine together! And later getting to die, like any normal human being! And being buried in the ground! Who did he think he was? Didn't he know we had put him on a very, very high pedestal? And raised him to God status? More on this in Chapter 5: How Do You Like Your Jesus?

Yes, I was raised as a fundamentalist, protestant Christian, and even though as a teenager I had begun to believe in reincarnation, I was still clinging tightly to the basic package of what I had been taught. I immediately put up a mental shield when I was confronted with something that disputed what was comfortable.

But that tomb of Mary! How wildly improbable! Who could have dreamed up such an absurd location! And the story that went with it! How bizarre can you get??? But what was the explanation for Mary's tomb being in Pakistan??? I didn't realize it at the time, but as I prepared to go from Afghanistan on vacation to India, more pieces of the puzzle were about to fall into place.



CHAPTER 2

Journey to the Vale of Kashmir: Heaven on Earth

*Go confidently in the direction of your dreams;
live the life you have imagined.*

—Henry David Thoreau

On a crisp, sunny morning in the beginning of October, I put on my Kelty pack, said farewell to my housemate, and walked out onto Chicken Street in Kabul, Afghanistan. I soon hailed a taxi, negotiated a price, and was on my way to the Silver Bullet, the well-known direct bus from Kabul to Peshawar, Pakistan. Our route lay through the fabled Khyber Pass, the most famous of the more than 300 passes through the Hindu Kush, the “Hindu Killer” mountains which separated ancient India from Afghanistan.

The Silver Bullet didn't actually travel at great speed, but it was silver-colored, and the name was catchy. I was already having an immensely good time, as I watched the spectacular mountain scenery and listened to the exotic sitar and drum music on the radio. I was on my way to India! I was embarked on a great adventure which years before I had dreamed about, but which now was becoming a joyful reality.

I reflected back, thinking about the hard years of study, and my graduation from the University of Alaska at Fairbanks. I remembered how that my father had died from a heart attack in our native Texas when I was 19 years old. I recalled how we had hunted together so much and had always had our big dream of driving together some summer, going up the Alaska Highway, having a big adventure together in Alaska. Seeing it with our own eyes!

As a teenager and young man, my father often read books by Jack London, such as *White Fang* and *The Call of the Wild*. He also had a book of poems, which I still have, written by Robert Service, called *The Spell of the Yukon*. Service was a Canadian bank teller who wrote poems about the far north. He is often called "The Bard of the North." Two of his most famous poems are "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." In the summertime, at a village near Fairbanks, Alaska called Ester, there are daily performances of his poems. The place is called The Malamute Saloon. Dad would have loved it!

But Dad had increasingly debilitating heart disease during the last few years of his life, and our Alaska plans had to be put on hold. It was a couple of months after Dad's death that a friend and I departed Texas to drive

up to Alaska in late May that year. We drove in the pickup-camper my father had given me. I was 19 years old at the time.

Fighting Forest Fires

We were hired that summer in Alaska to fight forest fires with the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). In fact, we were hired the same day we arrived! I had a lot of adventures! Once, during my second summer of fighting forest fires, a friend and I almost got burned to death when the wind changed suddenly and hit us with a wall of dense smoke and flames.

The wind whipped erratically as we dropped to the ground. For several long, terror-stricken moments we were confused and blinded by the dense smoke; the



A BLM fire crew prepares to fight a forest fire in interior Alaska.

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*The author at the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Tanzania
(19,340 feet)*

popping, hissing inferno seemed to surround us. The heat was terrifying! And it was closing in. By chance, we found that the area six inches or closer to the ground was relatively free of smoke. Finally, we found a clear route and crawled swiftly to safety.

Journey to the Vale of Kashmir

I enrolled in the University of Alaska at Fairbanks, and after some years graduated with a B.A. degree in Speech Communications. I minored in Secondary Education and got a teacher certification. Incidentally, at UAF, I learned to skydive and made 19 parachute jumps. Also, about a year before I graduated, I made a summertime trip to East Africa, spending six weeks in Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda. During that trip, I joined a climbing team and went to the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro (19,340 feet). That was a five-day climb. Later, I went to Ngorongoro Crater (shown in the opening scenes of the John Wayne movie “Hatari”), the Serengeti Plains, and other fantastic places. I had a wonderful time!

During the five-day climb of Kilimanjaro, it turned out that three of the dozen climbers were American



Metal plaque at the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Tanzania.

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Zebras at dawn, Amboseli, Kenya



Large male lion at daybreak, Masai Mara, Kenya.

Journey to the Vale of Kashmir

Peace Corps volunteers! We talked for hours about the Peace Corps and its accomplishments. One of the volunteers, Buff MacKenzie, invited me to visit his school in Mwatate, Kenya, which I did.

Back in Alaska, I threw myself into my senior year of studies at the University. During that time, I applied to enter the Peace Corps. Also, during the winter, I began preparations to join a climbing team that would make a summer ascent of Mt. McKinley (Denali). I graduated in May that year and began the climb the following month. Ray Genet was our leader. We reached the summit on the 14th day (20,320 feet) and it took us six days to descend. In later times, I used to visit Ray at his cabin in Talkeetna. Years later, Ray Genet died after reaching the summit of Mount Everest, in Nepal. Ray's body, I have heard, is still up there on Everest at around 28,000 feet, in the "death zone." I wonder if Ray is smiling?



The author (right) with Gregory Craig and Bob Carlson at the summit of Mt. McKinley (Denali), Alaska, 20,320 feet.

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After climbing Mt. McKinley, I accepted the invitation to join the Peace Corps and went to Afghanistan and later, to the Fiji Islands in the South Pacific. In Fiji, almost every day after my teaching work was finished, I would go diving on the nearby coral reefs. Everywhere I traveled throughout the world, I had wonderful experiences that really opened up my mind and expanded my consciousness. Wow! It was great!

The Legendary Khyber Pass

And now, I was on a bus winding through the Khyber Pass, bound for Pakistan and ultimately India and Nepal! Life is good!

The Khyber Pass, from one end to the other, is actually about 14 miles or so in length. Austere warning signs at both entrances to the pass advise travelers that under no circumstances should anyone attempt to spend the night in the region. After dark, there are



Street scene, Rawalpindi, Pakistan.

many groups of smugglers, bandits, and just plain low-life cutthroats who will gleefully kill someone just to steal a wristwatch. At night, the Khyber Pass is one of the most dangerous places on the planet and it should be avoided then.

The bus rolled into Peshawar, Pakistan, just about lunchtime. It was a dusty, sunny autumn day as we moved slowly through an amusing menagerie of camels, donkeys, horses, water buffaloes, and human caretakers wearing turbans and baggy clothing. I would have to be careful where I stepped!

Shouldering my Kelty backpack, I walked into the crowded bus station to ask how to get to the train station. It looked like I was the only Westerner in the room. A turbaned, strong-looking man was issuing tickets and speaking in Farsi (Persian) with someone. I could understand some of what he was saying. Apparently, he was from Landi Kotal, a Pakistani frontier town near the Khyber Pass which has a notoriously large gun bazaar and a wild west type of atmosphere. Within reach of his left hand was a Remington model 700 bolt action rifle.

Upon seeing me, he smiled and nodded and courteously directed me to the train station. I took one of the local three-wheeled taxi scooters and was soon at the train station. Earlier, I had thought about spending the night in Peshawar, at the inexpensive Khyber Hotel in Saddar Bazaar. On weekend trips I had stayed there before. But I decided to keep the momentum of my journey going; I would go on the evening train to Rawalpindi and Lahore. Besides, the all night train ride would save me the cost of a hotel and get me closer to my destination.

Nanga Parbat and the Baltoro Glacier

I briefly met a couple of my Peace Corps friends from Afghanistan at the train station in Rawalpindi. These two young men were on vacation and were headed north to Skardu, Pakistan and ultimately to trek on the Baltoro Glacier in the direction of K-2, the second highest mountain in the world. The flight from Skardu would take them near Nanga Parbat (Naked Mountain), a famous and beautiful Himalayan peak whose steep slopes are often swept clean by avalanches.

As the call came to reboard the train, they told me about anti-American riots that had been going on locally because a newsletter from the American Embassy had contained a small drawing of the prophet Mohammed. Of course, the newsletter had only been intended for American personnel, but a copy had fallen into Pakistani hands and was circulated. For Muslims, any drawing or image of Muhammed is a sacrilege, so outraged crowds of Pakistanis were attacking and beating any American they could find. My friends were disguised ("in mufti"), dressed like hooded locals and also wearing blankets; they planned to slip out of Rawalpindi that night and head north to Skardu. I shook hands and bade them farewell, promising to see them back in Afghanistan. I was glad to get back aboard the train and be leaving Rawalpindi!

Early the next morning, the train pulled into the Lahore station amid a tumult of noise and activity. I shouldered my backpack and made my way through a troupe of dancing beggars and found a bicycle-rickshaw

driver who would take me to the Asia Hotel, a modestly priced place with air conditioning. It was autumn, but the heat and humidity were still bad.

As I checked into the hotel, the clerk asked me in a pleasant way where was I going? He was writing information into a ledger. For a moment, I was not sure what to say. In those days, there was very bad blood between Pakistan and India. After several awkward seconds, the clerk leaned compassionately forward and whispered: "Are you going to India?" he asked. "Yes," I replied honestly. "Very well," he said, "I shall write that you are going to Wagah, Pakistan, a border town on the way."

I thanked the helpful clerk and headed up to my room. After a shower and a change of clothes, I headed out to visit the Lahore Museum.

The Zam Zam, a huge and ornate cannon which Rudyard Kipling wrote about in his classic "Kim," sits impressively in front of the museum. I touched the enormous weapon and marveled at some of the colorful, exotic history which actually happened in that part of the world.

Inside the Lahore Museum, I was particularly interested in seeing a famous statue of the Fasting Buddha. This exquisitely made piece of art depicts how Guatama Siddhartha, the Buddha, looked as he neared the end of many days of fasting, sitting beneath the tree of enlightenment, the Bodhi Tree.

The next morning I was on my way to Wagah. I stepped out of the dusty bus and passed through Pakistani Customs. Then with the other travelers, I shouldered my backpack and walked about 400 yards through a no-man's-land buffer zone to reach the border of India. A long line of turbaned men carried boxes of

grapes on their heads. Tall, fragrant eucalyptus trees swayed gently in the sunny, morning breeze. The dry earth was a reddish-orange color. India! I had made it! A young man from a small town in Texas, from a modest background, I had always wanted to see exotic India with my own eyes. And now here I was!

Arriving in India

I smiled broadly and said a cheerful “Hello” as I handed my passport to the Indian Customs official. He nodded stoically, noticed my beaming grin, and traded sidelong glances with some of the other customs officials. As he found my India visa and stamped it, he asked if everything was alright. I assured him yes, and told him that I was just delighted to be visiting India. He cast a few more sideways glances as he handed me



Crossing the border from Wagah, Pakistan, into India.

my passport, said “Welcome to India,” and waved me through.

Several buses were waiting nearby for the short trip to Amritsar, capital of the province of Punjab. Amritsar, meaning “pool of nectar,” is the holiest city of the Sikh religion, a spiritual path started by Guru Nanak in the 15th century. The provincial name “Punjab” means “Five Rivers,” or five waters (panch ab) in the Punjabi language.

I checked into a small hotel, booked passage on a bus to depart the next morning for Srinagar, and found a bicycle-rickshaw with a sun shade. The driver was a pleasant man and we made a deal for a tour of Amritsar which would include a stopover at the Golden Temple of the Sikhs. Some tourists decline using rickshaws because they think they are dehumanizing, or something like that. Then the drivers don’t have any business and go hungry! That is really dehumanizing! The drivers appreciate the business, and, of course, if you’re going up a steep hill you can use your common sense by getting off and walking to the top with the driver.

At the Golden Temple of the Sikhs

At the Enclosure Entrance to the Golden Temple, I gave my driver money for a soft drink and told him to wait outside in the cool shade. At the entrance I read the instructions which basically said that everyone is welcome and the rules are: everyone must remove footwear and socks and wash feet at the entrance (a steady flow of cool, clear water through a depressed area in the white marble floor made this easy), everyone must



*At the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, Amritsar,
Punjab Province, India.*

have a head covering of some sort (a helpful Sikh told me I could tie my red bandanna pirate-style on my head and that would be acceptable), everyone must bring an offering of flowers (many flower shops and vendors are within a few steps; I bought a small bundle), and lastly, no one may use tobacco products, drugs, or alcohol within the temple grounds. I was ready! With a smile, I joined the flow of Sikh pilgrims and stepped into the entrance.

After a few steps, the entrance opened into a large, open-air enclosure perhaps about the size of four football fields. Most of the area was a large, shallow pool of water (considered the amrit, or pool of nectar) in which a white, marble walkway led to the center. In the

center of the pool was the Golden Temple! In the bright, afternoon sun it was spectacular!

In one corner of the surrounding courtyard, there is a perpetual soup kitchen, of sorts, a charitable feeding place for anyone who needs a meal. I returned later in the afternoon and had a tasty barley-lentils soup with tortilla-like chappatis. It was good! I was impressed by the generosity and industriousness of the Sikhs.

Inside the Golden Temple

Walking slowly, I followed the flow of pilgrims and went on the walkway into the Golden Temple. A wonderful, jasmine-scented incense wafted out of the large open doors. Many of the entering Sikhs laid face down on the marble floor, in a full prostration, showing their reverence at being in such a holy place.

I walked upstairs, where within glass enclosures, elderly Sikh holy men are constantly sitting and reading out loud from ornate copies of the Sikh holy book, the Granth. I was deeply moved and impressed that the Sikhs would be so open and willing to share the most sacred place of their religion, even with a non-Sikh like myself.

Only about three years before that time, en route to East Africa, I had a three-day stopover in Rome and had gone inside St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican. I'm not Catholic (in this lifetime) but I was welcome there, also. For me, St. Peter's was impressive but dreadfully serious, cold and austere (the white marble Pieta added to the somber mood). The mood in the Golden Temple, by contrast, seemed joyful, yet serious, like a spiritual celebration.

The next morning I was riding the bus to Pathankot and from there to Jammu, in the Himalayan foothills. After a hot, mosquito-infested night at a cheap hotel, I left Jammu on the bus that would take me to Kashmir, all the way to Srinagar. The scenery was spectacular as the bus bounced and swayed on the precarious mountain roads, negotiating hairpin turns and passing near cascading waterfalls.

Finally, late in the afternoon, we ascended a mountainside and approached the entrance of a huge, concrete tunnel where we paused a few moments. The letters above the entrance said:

**WELCOME TO THE VALE OF KASHMIR
HEAVEN ON EARTH**

We passed through the tunnel and there below us lay a beautiful, green valley with forests and lakes and craggy, snow-capped Himalayan peaks on either side. An abundance of sweet-smelling wildflowers were on both sides of the road. So this was Kashmir! I was glad I had listened to my mother's friend and decided to come here.

Nearing sunset, the bus pulled into the station in Srinagar. I unloaded my Kelty backpack and took a seat in the station to think over my next move. My Berlitz guidebook suggested that one of the many houseboats in Srinagar could be an interesting place to stay.

I watched in amusement as Indian tourists from other parts of India were being hustled and sweet-talked by hotel employees, houseboat owners, and taxi drivers. Mostly they were speaking in English because

it is often considered a neutral, common language, whereas Hindi, the national language, is mostly spoken in the northern half of India.

A dignified, neatly dressed man wearing a shirt and slacks walked up to me and said "Is sahib looking for hotel accomodation?" I pressed both of my open hands together, palm to palm, in front of my chest in the traditional greeting, smiled, and said "Namaste." Literally, the greeting means "I salute the divinity within you." The man smiled broadly and gave the same greeting.

"Yes," I replied, "I am looking for a place to stay." He then told me that he is the owner of a beautiful houseboat called the Mount Everest and that it is nearby on the Jhellum River, in the area called the Bund. And for a modest sum, I could have a room with



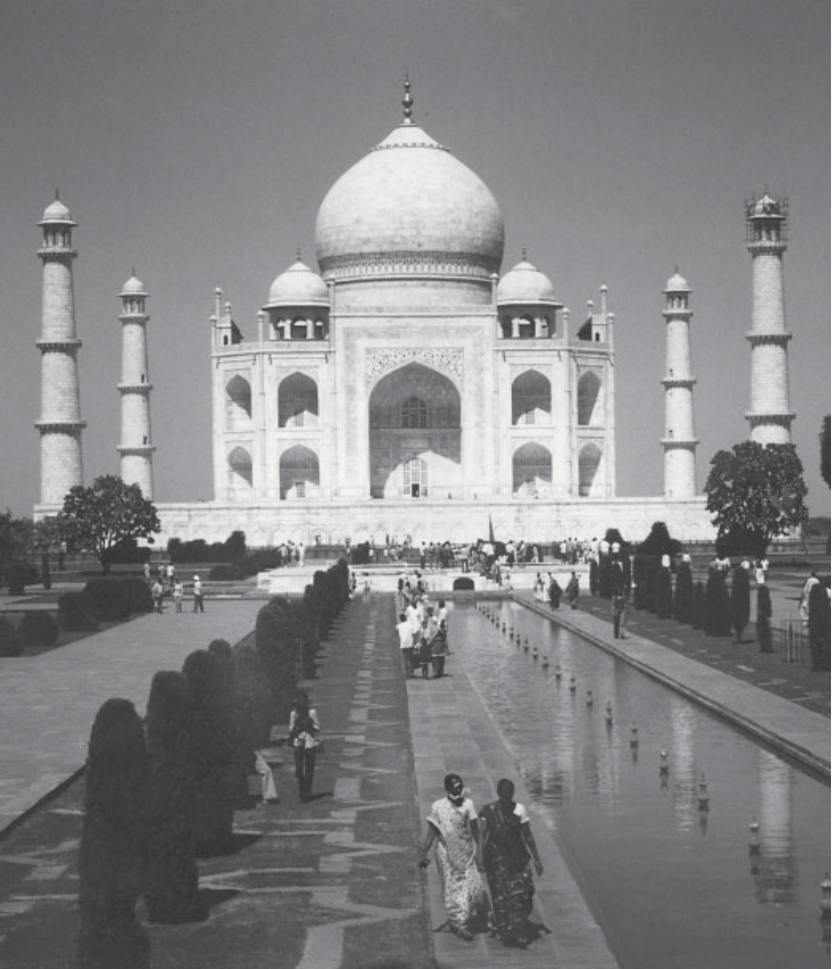
Houseboat scene, Srinagar, Kashmir, India

breakfast included. Soon, we were walking on our merry way to the Mount Everest. I turned in early after dinner that evening, breathing the sweet aroma of flower blossoms as the houseboat rocked gently in the water. And so, I thought, this is the Vale of Kashmir!

After a delightful breakfast of eggs, toast with jelly, fresh fruit, and Darjeeling tea, I decided to stay there at least two or three nights. I felt somehow intrigued by the area and that I should investigate and learn more, even if my visit were brief. Kashmir is like a real-life Shangri La, incredibly beautiful and charming.

Ahead on my journey, I had chosen a pretty full plate: a visit to the Tibetan refugee community at Dharmasala, India, then on to New Delhi, the capital. Next, to Agra, to visit the Taj Mahal. Then onward by train to Varanasi (Benares), the holiest city of the Hindus, on the magnificent and sacred Ganges River. Then northward to the spectacular Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal. After preparations in Kathmandu, I would be walking for 20 days, or so, to reach Namche Bazaar and then to the base camp of Mt. Everest. Later, from an airstrip at Lukla, I would fly back to Kathmandu. Finally, I would visit Pokhara, in western Nepal, see the Annapurna peaks, also Dhaulagiri, and Machapuchare (fishtail mountain), and then return to Afghanistan.

Journey to the Vale of Kashmir



CHRIST IN KASHMIR

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CHAPTER 3

A Meeting with the Author of *Christ in Kashmir*

Follow your bliss.

—Joseph Campbell

That sunny, autumn morning in Srinagar I felt the intuitive pull to find a bookstore. I walked out of the houseboat and under some nearby shade trees where I could see a taxi was parked. The driver was reading a newspaper. I took that as a good sign. It was.

The driver was friendly and spoke good English. I told him I was looking for a good bookstore which would have a lot of books in English. He smiled and said that he knew of just such a bookstore and that it

was not a long drive. I asked how many rupees the drive would cost. The driver said 15, I offered 10, we settled on 12 and were off.

The bookstore was in a quiet part of the city. As I entered and looked around, I saw it had a laid-back and rustic kind of 1950's atmosphere. Ancient ceiling fans squeaked softly and the owner, a middle-aged man wearing European clothes with a necktie, sat reading a book near the cash register. A steaming cup of tea was at his side. I looked around and saw that I was the only customer. That was fine with me.

I browsed around in the front part of the bookstore for a minute or two. There were some books in English, yes, but nothing of much interest. Then I turned and found a display of yellow-colored books near the front of the store. The thing that got my attention was a drawing on the book cover which showed Jesus Christ on the cross and the title in large letters: *CHRIST IN KASHMIR*. Below the title was the author's name: Aziz Kashmiri, Honors in Urdu and Literature, Editor Urdu Daily Roshni, Srinagar, Kashmir.

I picked up the book, glanced through it, and stared at it again in wonder. It was as though many pieces of a puzzle were beginning to fall into place. What Edgar Cayce had repeatedly said in his trance readings, that Jesus had indeed lived and studied in India. What Levi Dowling, the Union Army Chaplain, had written about in *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ*, telling about the time that Jesus had lived in Kashmir, and elsewhere, in India. The strange occurrence about my mother's long-lost friend and his mysterious insistence that I must go to Kashmir. And, of course, the very strange bottle of beer from Murree,

A Meeting with the Author of "Christ in Kashmir"

Pakistan, which brought about the bizarre revelation from Mr. Wilson: that Mary, the mother of Jesus, is buried in northern Pakistan! And that Jesus had lived much of his life in Kashmir!

Could everything just be a coincidence??? Or in my search for hidden truth, could I be about to find much more than I had ever imagined? I held the book in my hand then (as I do at this moment) and wondered: should I take the next step? Should I follow my bliss? I closed my eyes and meditated silently for some long moments, using my mantra, and asking for guidance. I got a clear "Go ahead."

I walked over to the shop owner and gave a friendly "Namaste" greeting with my palms placed together. The gentleman placed his book down and returned the greeting with a beaming smile. After paying for *Christ in Kashmir*, I asked the owner if by any chance he might know the author personally? He smiled broadly again and said, "Oh yes, Aziz Kashmiri is a good friend of mine." Whereupon, I explained that I was a young American visiting India, with a keen interest in the subject of Jesus in India. And I wondered if I might possibly be able to visit with the author and discuss the subject?

The Daily Roshni

"Well, he is the editor of the Daily Roshni, a newspaper here in Srinagar," said the shop owner, "Let me give him a phone call and see if he is in his office." He picked up a heavy, black 1950's telephone and dialed a number. For a few moments he spoke in Kashmiri, then handed me the phone and said, "He will speak with

you." I introduced myself and repeated what I had told the bookstore owner.

"How about right now?" he said, "I have just finished a meeting and I have some free time." "Yes," I replied, "that is fine; I will be there shortly." I handed the phone back to the shop owner and asked if he could write directions to the Daily Roshni and tell me a fair price for a taxi. He nodded, wrote quickly in Kashmiri, handed me the paper, and said, "About 12 rupees would be a fair price." We smiled and shook hands and I thanked him for his help and said farewell.

I stepped outside the bookstore, and under the shade trees was parked the same taxi which had brought me there! The driver was relaxing and reading his newspaper again. This time I noticed he was reading the Daily Roshni. We smiled at each other and I handed him the piece of paper with directions. He nodded and I said, "Twelve rupees?" He smiled and nodded and motioned for me to get in.

We headed in what seemed to me to be a northeasterly direction and we were soon going up a hillside. The buildings were mostly white-colored, like white stucco or whitewashed adobe. The taxi stopped on the hillside among some white buildings. "You are here, sahib," said the driver. I paid him, gave him a tip, and thanked him. "Good luck, sahib," he said, and drove away.

I looked around among the buildings and in the narrow street and realized I couldn't read anything. All the street signs and building signs, both letters and numbers, were in Kashmiri language. Well, I have strong faith in divine order, and I certainly didn't believe that God was just going to dump me somewhere. So I relaxed, took a few deep breaths, and just waited.

Within a few seconds, some children came running and laughing from an alleyway. They spotted me and ran up close, staring in amusement and catching their breath. Soon there were more children, standing there smiling and looking at me in silence. I was thankful they were not throwing rocks, flicking boogers, or yelling obscenities. I have seen that sort of behavior in some other parts of the world. But, these children were respectful; they even wore clean clothes.

Meeting Aziz Kashmiri

I smiled, held up both hands and said slowly in English: "Does anyone know where I can find Aziz Kashmiri?" A well-mannered boy wearing white clothes, who looked to be about six years old, raised his hand straight up, as if he were in school. I pointed at him and he said, "He is my father; I will take you to him." I said, "Let's go."

We headed off at a brisk walk through a maze of narrow passageways and corridors. Then we ascended some stairs that went up the side of one of the white stucco buildings. We went through a door and entered a large, rustic kind of office with hardwood floors. Most of the north wall was composed of windows of a peculiar kind of wood and glass framework. The view through the windows was a breathtaking panorama of the jagged, glistening ice peaks of the Himalayas. A large desk was near the windows, and two gentlemen wearing European-type clothing were in conversation there.

I thanked the boy who brought me there and gave him a piece of candy from my jacket. He said thanks and scampered out of the room. The older of the two

men pointed at a piece of paper and spoke softly to the younger man who nodded and left the room. The older man then took several steps toward me, smiled warmly, and extended his right hand. "Are you Mr. Martin?" he asked. "Yes," I replied and shook his hand. "I am Aziz Kashmiri, editor of the Daily Roshni," he said, and gestured for me to sit in the chair in front of his desk. "Would you like some tea?" he asked. "Yes, I would," I replied. He clapped his hands softly and asked a servant who appeared in the doorway to bring us tea.

Later, over steaming cups of tea, we had a far-ranging discussion about the subject of Jesus in India. To my surprise, I found out that in India itself there is a very long-standing tradition and folklore that Jesus did indeed live in India. **Moreover, the tradition states that Jesus was in India for two separate long periods of time!** And, these were firstly, the teenage and 20's years of learning and preparation, and secondly, his return sometime after the crucifixion and spending the remainder of his life in India. Mr. Kashmiri even showed me a written statement made by Jawaharlal Nehru, the famous Prime Minister, concerning his belief in the tradition that Jesus had lived in India.

During our discussion, Mr. Kashmiri mentioned that the tomb of Jesus Christ is in Kashmir and it can be visited by the public! My mind reeled for a while at that one! Why hadn't we ever heard or seen anything about that in the United States!?! I will discuss this with the reader in abundant detail later, in the chapter "How Do You Like Your Jesus?" Mr. Kashmiri went on to explain that the local name used for the tomb is Yuz Asaf, meaning the "Leader of the Cleansed." Two stone carvings at the tomb, showing the man's feet, indicate that he had

been crucified. An excellent amount of corroborative research, identifying Yuz Asaf as Jesus is in Holger Kersten's book: *Jesus Lived in India*.

I was told in later years, that some people believe that the actual tomb of Jesus is located a few miles outside of Srinagar, on a mountainside at a secret location, where it will not be disturbed. It is said that the Yuz Asaf tomb in the Rozabal section of the Old City is the "public access" location which everyone can reach easily, even physically handicapped people. That would make sense.

The Hemis Monastery at Leh in Ladakh

He also told an intriguing, firsthand story which is a real hot potato! During the 1960's, he had been invited to join a group of other Indian journalists to visit a frequently off-limits area in northern Kashmir called Ladakh. Once there, his group had gone to the rarely-visited Hemis Monastery at the town of Leh. I remembered that Levi Dowling had mentioned in the *Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ* that Jesus had spent about two months there after leaving Tibet. At Hemis, the Buddhist priest giving them a tour explained that because the Chief Abbot had recently died, it would be possible for them to enter and look around in the Archives, in the Monastery's basement area. But, when the new Abbot is chosen, the Archives are closed again to the public, for years or even decades.

As Mr. Kashmiri walked around the ancient, dusty corridors, shining his flashlight, he glanced at huge stacks of Tibetan documents and hundreds of portraits.

The portraits were drawings made on thin slabs of stone. The colors looked almost like chalk colors, pastels, or perhaps some kind of oil colors he was not familiar with. But still, the colors were clear and vivid although they were obviously very old. Almost all the drawings were of monks with shaved heads, wearing red or orange robes, sitting in the lotus position.

Jesus Sat for a Portrait!

But one drawing was very different! It showed a very robust-looking man with a full head of fairly long hair and a full beard! The hair and beard were of a reddish-brown color, the man was smiling, and wearing a brimless, simple cap on his head, similar to the kind of cap that Nehru sometimes wore. He was wearing the traditional, baggy pants and shirt of the region, and a warm-looking vest. He looked strong, and had the appearance of a man who is frequently outdoors. He looked to be perhaps in his mid or late 20's.

Puzzled, Mr. Kashmiri found the monk giving the tour and asked if he knew who the man was. The monk squatted down, pointed his flashlight at the base of the drawing, and rubbed off a layer of dust with his fingers. He blew a little, squinted, and began to mouth some sounds to himself. Apparently, the writing was very old and the monk said it appeared to be Sanskrit or Pali. The monk had difficulty sounding out the name, but said it was something like "Yashosh" and that the remainder of the writing was something to the effect: "traveling Hebrew scholar and holy man who visited this monastery during the time of the Abbot..." The monk remarked that the time frame was about 2,000 years ago.

A Meeting with the Author of "Christ in Kashmir"

Mr. Kashmiri's mind reeled! This was a drawing of Jesus Christ himself!!! And, it was made while Jesus was sitting right in front of the artist, posing for the picture! Talk about a hot potato! Wouldn't millions of dedicated Christians all over the world be keenly interested in seeing such a picture?

It happened that the flash unit for Mr. Aziz's camera was broken at that time. He asked the monk several times for permission to take the drawing outside, into the sunlight, but each time the monk refused. Soon thereafter, the tour came to an end, the doors of the Archives were locked, and Mr. Kashmiri was never able to return. A new Abbot was chosen shortly after that time.

I asked Mr. Kashmiri if he knew of anyone since that time who might have seen that drawing? He said, to his knowledge, he did not know of anyone who had. Nor did he even know if the Archives had been opened since then.

We sat in silence, drinking our steaming tea, for some time. My own mind was boggled in a sort of pleasant and profound way. And I was completely sober and serious! Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow! What are the implications of all this? Could it possibly be that out of the billion plus, or so, living Christians on planet Earth, that I myself might be putting together the pieces of an important puzzle in a unique way? Gradually, I was beginning to see "gross inconsistencies" as I researched more and more about Jesus in India.

In my own mind, I had already come to the conclusion that Jesus really had lived in India. The concept which was harder for me to accept was that Jesus had somehow survived the crucifixion, later recuperated, returned to India, married, and had children. And, had

died in his very old age and been buried. In my case, it took me about 20 years of spiritual growth, and the accompanying wisdom, strength, and flexibility to finally understand and accept this. For me from my viewpoint now, those events just mentioned do nothing to diminish the tremendous importance of the life and teachings of Jmmanuel/Jesus. Much more on this later.

A Lifetime of Research about Jesus in India

I stood up to stretch my legs and walked over to a case of bookshelves a few steps away from Mr. Kashmiri's desk. It was perhaps as high as the top of my head or a little higher; it was maybe four feet or so wide. It appeared to be entirely filled with books about the subject of Jesus in India! Perhaps half, or more, of the books had been printed in India; many of them were in English. Many others were in foreign languages; some in exotic tongues. Some of the books looked quite old. But they all seemed to have some relation to the subject of Jesus in India. I marveled at the books and examined a few of them. There were also large stacks of typewritten materials on the subject.

At that time, I was about 24 years old. So in one sense, I was kind of young and stupid (just joking; there's nothing wrong with being young—or old). Back then, I used to speak from the heart a lot. That is, I used to often say what I really felt. I turned to Mr. Kashmiri and asked: "Why is the subject of Jesus in India so important to you personally?"

He straightened up in his chair, then took a deep breath, and stood up, stepping to the windows nearby.

He turned his head toward me and said, "The subject of Jesus in India has been my hobby during all my adult life." He then turned and faced the windows and the exquisite view of the Himalayan peaks in the distance.

Still speaking from the heart, I spoke clearly and said, "I don't mean to offend you, but it seems to me that your interest in the subject of Jesus in India is not a hobby, but more like an obsession. Why is that?"

Mr. Kashmiri continued to stand at the windows, staring out at the distant mountains. I walked over to the windows also, and stood a few feet away from his right side, looking at the mountains. It was a spectacular view! I knew that Mr. Kashmiri had heard my question, so I didn't press him for an answer. Besides, I wasn't in a hurry that morning. We stood there in the pleasant sunlight in a kind of silent reverie for at least two or three minutes.

Finally, Mr. Kashmiri turned toward me, smiled, and said, "I have my reasons." It was a cryptic answer, but that was okay. I didn't intend to intrude on anyone's private matters. But, anyway, I had still had a wonderful, enlightening conversation and I was very thankful that I had met such a remarkable gentleman. I didn't expect that there would ever be any further connection about the matter. There was! And how!

Of incidental note: the Epilog of *The Talmud of Immanuel* mentions that ten Israeli tribes had emigrated in the past from Israel and settled in what is now Afghanistan, northern Pakistan, and India's Kashmir. Aziz Kashmiri strongly confirmed this Hebrew heritage in our conversation and in his book. He said that in every aspect of life the Kashmiri people resemble Jews. He also said that the origin of the name Kashmir comes from

the Hebrew word “Kashir” meaning one who takes the “Halal” (slaughtered) meat.

He described the Hebrew facial features, such as the prominent, hooked noses of Kashmiris. Also, the customs, rituals, and many linguistic clues, such as the many Hebrew place names and identical names such as “shaul” meaning “fox” in both languages. He mentioned many other things from his book, such as the distinctive, curved shape of the chopper used by butchers, found nowhere else in India.

In Mr. Kashmiri’s book, *Christ in Kashmir*, on page five it states: “History bears evidence that in 721 B.C., Sargon the Second captured the Kingdom of Israel and all the Jewish inhabitants were captured and exiled. Most of the tribes came to Iran, Afghanistan, and India, and settled down in these lands.” Elsewhere in his book, there is considerable evidence that Moses came to Kashmir and is buried there. For a wealth of information about the Hebrew connection to Kashmir, I encourage the reader to examine *Christ in Kashmir*.

Visiting the Tomb of Jesus

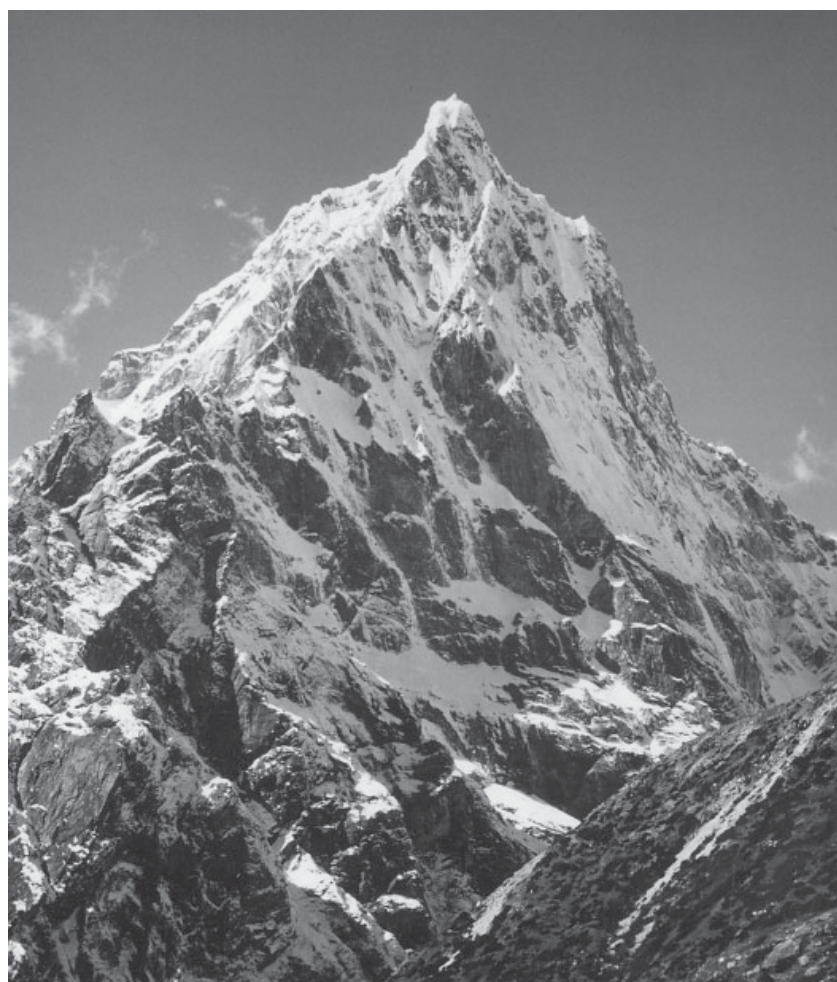
After I left Mr. Kashmiri, I later that day went to the tomb of Yuz Asaf on Khanyar Street in the Rozabal section of Srinagar. I entered the ancient building which protects the tomb and found myself alone with my thoughts. I put some money into a collection box for the upkeep of the tomb. I knelt down on the stone floor and inwardly asked permission to put my hand on the stone sarcophagus. I felt agreement and rested my hand on the cool stone, breathed deeply, and thought. From outside, I could hear the sounds of children playing. It was sunset.

A Meeting with the Author of "Christ in Kashmir"

Only a couple of hours before, I was reading in Mr. Kashmiri's book that in 1939, the Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, who was a devout Christian, went to Kashmir to see the tomb for himself. Another famous visitor at the tomb was Sir Francis Younghusband who wrote "Kashmir."

Well, I thought, if this really is the tomb of Jesus Christ, to me it was humorously ironic that I was the only human being on the planet right then who happened to be visiting the grave site. And ironically, I intuitively felt that might be exactly the case. Sometimes, truth is stranger than fiction.

In a thought related in the sense of high irony, I remembered a scene from the movie "The Ten Commandments." Prince Moses had decided to go into disguise as a Hebrew slave and work in the mud pits. He saw an elderly slave man who was hit in the stomach with an axe. Moses carried the man out and held him as he died. The dying man said his only regret was that he had not lived to see The Deliverer. He took a long, questioning look at Moses and died. And, of course, Moses was the Deliverer!



CHAPTER 4

I Learn about the “Billy” Meier UFO Case and *The Talmud of Immanuel*

*Nothing stands in the way of an Earthhuman's
spiritual progress, but the Earthhuman himself.*

—Semjase, Pleiadian lady visitor

If the reader will bear with me, let me jump forward in time several years for the sake of the continuity of my Jesus in India material. And by the way, my journey in India, Nepal, Pakistan, and Afghanistan went basically as planned. It was a fantastic trip! The experiences I had really opened up my mind and spirit in very positive and unforeseen ways. I will tell about

the rest of the journey in more detail later in this book.

Several years after I returned from that first trip to India, I was working with a small publishing company in a town in rural Illinois. It happened that the publisher had a regular subscription to the UFO Newsclipping Service from Lucius Farish, #2 Caney Valley Drive, Plumerville, Arkansas, 72127—8725. It came at the beginning of each month, and I eagerly looked forward to reading it.

I became interested in UFOs and the idea of extra-terrestrial visitors after my father and I had a strange experience when I was 13 years old. We saw a silvery, hovering disk one moonlit winter night when we were by ourselves, camping and fishing in a remote area along the Colorado River in Texas. My Dad said, "Let's never tell anyone about this."

Later, when I was 20 years old and living in Alaska, I saw an identical-looking disk one night, a glowing UFO, while I was hunting in a remote area near the Wood River. At that time, I also had a "missing time" experience, after which I could not remember what had happened. But, I felt extremely positive and "opened up" spiritually. Years later, when the time felt right, I met with Dr. Leo Sprinkle at Laramie, Wyoming, and under hypnosis, found out what happened during the missing time. The details of that experience are in Chapter 11 of this book.

"Where are the UFO books?"

From the age of 13 onwards, whenever I visited a bookstore, I always asked the clerk "Where are the UFO books?" Through the years, I bought and read dozens

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of UFO books, practically every one I could find. But despite the wonderfully tolerant and broad-minded attitude of my parents, I got a lot of criticism and ridicule from many other people. Young and old. So I learned to clam up, conceal my thoughts, and sort of "shut down" my feelings. I also believed in reincarnation, and I learned to keep quiet about that, too.

So it was refreshing that my publisher friend believes in UFOs. He even writes books about them! So after work one day, I was reading in the UFO Newscipping Service and came across a book review of *Light Years* by Gary Kinder, published by Atlantic Monthly Press of New York. The book review was by a newspaper reporter who seemed to have a snotty, arrogant attitude. It was as if he were cynical, thinking "I don't think this could possibly be true, so I'll ridicule this book."

Light Years tells the story of Eduard Albert "Billy" Meier, a man in rural Switzerland, who has been meeting with human beings from the Pleiades, a cluster of stars almost 500 light years away. Billy was told that the humans from the Pleiades make the journey in about seven hours. About three and a half hours is needed to reach the threshold of light speed. Then the beamship is converted to an energy configuration, attached to tachyons, and sent through hyperspace to a pre-determined destination. The vast bulk of the distance is covered in a tiny fraction of a second. The beamship exits hyperspace, re-converts to physical matter, then slows down for three and a half hours to reach Earth. Meier is the contactee because of his soul identity. They have worked with him in many past lifetimes.

After reading the book review, I got into my car and drove about 100 miles to the Chicago suburbs. I found a

bookstore in a mall, went in, and bought a copy of the book. During my free time in the next five days, or so, I carefully read the whole book, from front cover to back.

The Ring of Truth

To me, the book had the ring of truth. And although I have not met Mr. Meier, his honesty, goodness, and wisdom became apparent as I read the book. Later, I found other books related to the case, and read them thoughtfully. Some of these were, the large picture book *UFO Contact from the Pleiades, Volume One* and (same title) *A Supplementary Investigation Report*, both by Lt. Col. Wendelle C. Stevens (ret.). I enjoyed reading these books very much.

Also, I found several fascinating videos about the case: *Beamship, the Meier Chronicles*, also, *Beamship, the Movie Footage*, and *Beamship, Metal Analysis*. I watched and re-watched the videos many times and was intrigued. I particularly liked to watch *The Meier Chronicles* and ponder over the spiritual teachings from the Pleiadians. I loaned that video to quite a few people, including a chapter of MUFON which showed it at one of their meetings. I was told later that in the last five minutes of the video, when one of the 21+ foot diameter beamships is hovering in the distance, perhaps 200 yards away, and the camera zooms in on the ship, a professional photographer in the audience jumped to his feet. They said he began cursing and yelling that the footage is for real! That it is a large object at a considerable distance from the camera! I thought so, too.

I later found a wonderful documentary about the case called *Contact*. I loaned this to a lot of friends,

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also. It gives a good overview about the Billy Meier Case. Later, I found a series of cassettes which were made by Randolph Winters. The cassettes are adapted from material in the *Contact Notes*, which are about 1,800 pages of transcripts of the conversations between the people from the Pleiades and Billy Meier. I listened to the cassettes with great interest.

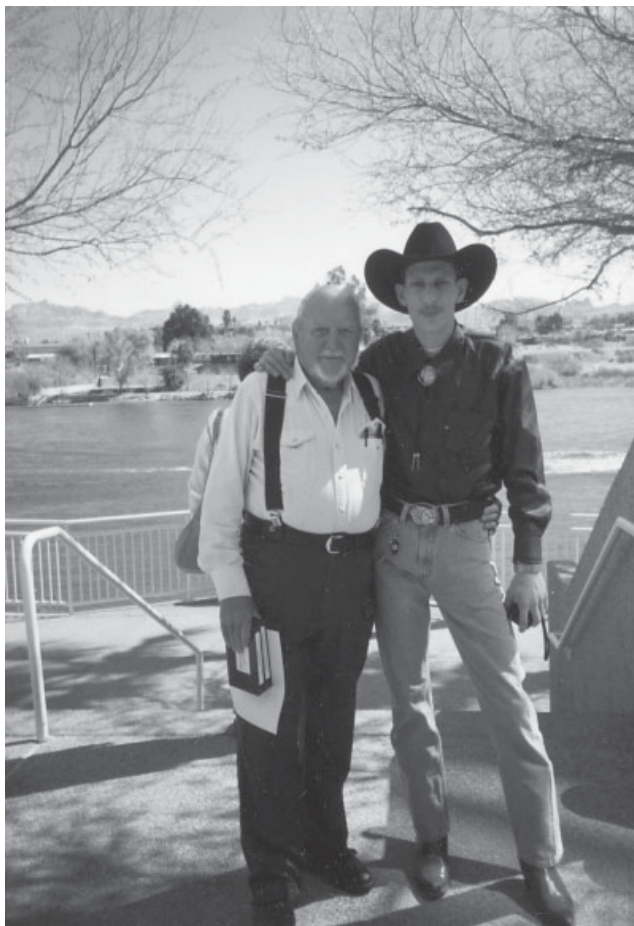
Also, I repeatedly watched a video made by Randolph Winters called *The Pleiadian Connection*. I was later able to meet Randolph Winters and hear him give some talks. Then I was able to buy volume one of the *Contact Notes*, published by Col. Wendelle Stevens. I was enthusiastic to read the material. Later, I bought and read volumes two, three, and four of the *Contact Notes*. The material is marvelous! Deeply spiritual and inspiring. Also very scientific and insightful.

Several times I was able to attend talks given by Guido Moosbrugger, a close friend and confidant of Billy Meier, who lived at the Meier farm. Guido has also been an eyewitness of the Pleiadian beamships, and one of his photographs of a beamship appears in the book *Light Years*. He has also written a German language book about the case called *And Still They Fly*. Guido is a very wise and spiritual man and I have always enjoyed his talks about the Pleiadians.

Later, I met Billy Meier's son, Methusalem, who gave an excellent speech at the International UFO Congress at Laughlin, Nevada. During the week-long conference we spoke frequently about his father's experiences and the importance of the mission. Phobol Cheng of Cambodia, who is a representative to the United Nations, spoke also at the conference. She presented first

KING OF TRAVELERS

person testimony of the UFO sightings and contacts she witnessed as a teenager while living at the Ashoka Ashram in India. Those events were in connection with Billy Meier who was studying there at that time with her grandfather.



*Lt. Col. Wendelle C. Stevens (ret.) and Methusalem Meier,
Laughlin, Nevada.*

I Learn about the "Billy" Meier UFO Case

Maybe the reader can see what I'm getting at: I strongly believe that Billy Meier is telling the truth and the visits by human beings from the Pleiades are for real! The more that I read and found out about the case, the more "gross consistencies" (to use investigator Tom Welch's phrase) I found in the material.

Time Travel

At one point, I was reading an issue of a magazine which was formerly put together by Randolph Winters called "Contact, Erra to Terra." Some advertising told about a series of cassette tapes which included one with the following write-up: "Jmmanuel (Jesus Christ And The Concept Of God). Jmmanuel the man, known as Jesus Christ. Who was he and what did he really teach? Billy was allowed to travel back in time to the year 32 and talk with Jmmanuel about his mission and how it relates to our future. From the book called *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* (the original writings of Jmmanuel), a discussion of the story of Easter. Was Jesus really the son of god? The Pleiadian concept of gods, and their cognitions of Creation."

I was taken aback for a while. Perhaps only for a few hours, but more likely for two or three days. I am pretty broad-minded and flexible in my thinking, and everything I had read and looked at until then had made good sense. But I was kind of boggled by the concept that time travel really could be possible and furthermore, that someone could actually go back in time and meet Jesus Christ himself and have a conversation with him! One thing I had learned firsthand about my own travel experiences in exotic foreign countries is that most

people are very envious! Most will not admit they are so jealous, but they are. And partly, at least, I was envious about someone getting to meet Jesus!

In September, 1992, I happened to be listening one evening to National Public Radio. The program was "As It Happens" with Alan Maipland and Geoffrey Stevens. They were interviewing Dr. David Deutsch, one of the world's leading physicists, at Oxford University in England. They were talking about "a future quantum mechanical view"; specifically, they were talking about time travel! Dr. Deutsch said: "Once a thing has been shown to be possible in physics, technology soon follows." He explained that regarding time travel, scientists in 1992, were at a comparable point to scientists in the 1930s only three or four years away from the invention of television! They first knew that television was possible; then, they built the technology. He explained that once the theoretical constructs are worked out, and scientists know something is "do-able," then within a few years, the actual device will be built. The interviewer asked if time travel will become a reality? The answer: "Yes, certainly!"

That interview got my attention! It woke me up to brand-new possibilities. As I thought more about it, the concept did not seem so crazy. Why couldn't it be possible? Why did reality have to conform to my own limited expectations? Lots of people I deal with do not believe in space aliens, reincarnation, karma, telepathy, or anything paranormal. Consequently, they remain closed in their thinking, and don't read or watch anything that would challenge their narrow view.

As the Hindus call it: "the warehousing of a soul." Which means to keep the body alive, fed and clothed, but the

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soul is not really attempting to grow spiritually. There is no attempt to gain knowledge and wisdom, to seek and discern truth. *The whole purpose of being incarnate in a human body is to evolve spiritually, to seek wisdom and truth, and to incorporate it into one’s daily life.* Or as the Pleiadians might put it, the important thing is to learn about Creation and its laws, and to live and evolve in harmony with it. To evolve spiritually, we have to make mistakes and learn from them.

And, as I understand it, the Pleiadians say that a “power elite” has basically had a stranglehold on the masses of Earth people for thousands of years. The “power elite” does not want people to grow spiritually, because then they would develop intuitive, telepathic, and other abilities which would empower them. People then would be fearless and could not be controlled by a secret government, or anyone else. People could also then quickly discern truth from falsehood and recognize the false “belief systems” which have been foisted upon them to control them.

The Talmud of Jmmanuel

I listened attentively to the cassettes about Jmmanuel and was impressed with the material. That led me to seek out *The Talmud of Jmmanuel*, published by Wild Flower Press of Mill Spring, NC (see Resources at the end of this book).

The TJ is an ancient Aramaic document discovered in 1963 by Billy Meier in the form of scrolls encased in preservative resin. This was after a Greek Orthodox priest named Isa Rashid discovered the actual burial cave of Jmmanuel (erroneously called Jesus Christ). The

scrolls, which were buried under a flat rock in the tomb, were later translated from Aramaic into German by Isa Rashid and edited and encoded by Eduard Albert “Billy” Meier.

I was greatly impressed with *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* and I still am! I had frequently read the Gospels during my childhood and early adult years, and had always felt they had been tampered with, or altered, somehow. The TJ, for me, had the ring of truth. It was while I was reading the latter part of the TJ, that I came across material which told specific details about events following the crucifixion.

Some of those details were that Jmmanuel had been in a state of near-death, but not death. And, after Joseph of Arimathea had returned with some friends of Jmmanuel’s from India, they had entered the tomb through a secret, back tunnel entrance. The men from India were healers; they brought special salves and medicines and ministered to Jmmanuel for three days. After that time, he was strong enough to walk and move about some.

Of incidental note: the famous historian Josephus recounts a true story about an occasion when he was returning to Jerusalem and found that three of his friends had been crucified by the Romans. Josephus went immediately to his friend the governor Tiberius, who granted his request and had the three men taken down from the crosses. And one of the three men survived! The point being, that despite the excruciating ordeal, some people have survived a crucifixion. For additional details, see *Celestial Teachings* by Dr. James Deardorff.

The details about Jmmanuel further explain that he recuperated in hiding in Damascus for about two years.

During that time, he was joined there by his mother, Mary, his brother Thomas, his disciple and close friend, Judas Iscariot, and others.

Of significant importance: the TJ makes it clear that Judas Iscariot, the treasurer, one of the 12 apostles, was not the betrayer of Immanuel! The real betrayer was named Judas Ihariot, the son of the important Pharisee Simeon. After Judas Ihariot's suicide, the Jewish high priests intentionally had the names switched, and spread the false rumor. The lie also was: "Look, one of his own people betrayed him, so how can his teachings be any good?" Please see The Talmud of Immanuel and Celestial Teachings for the entire story.

Also, it was Immanuel himself, in his flesh-and-blood body, who confronted Saul of Tarsus (later to become Paul) one night on the road leading to Damascus. To read the complete account, see *The Talmud of Immanuel*, Chapter 33, page 267. Briefly, what happened was that Immanuel prepared a concoction of chemicals and ignited them at night, temporarily blinding Saul. Immanuel also spoke sternly to Saul before slipping away.

Of incidental note, the TJ contains an earlier passage in which Immanuel and Saul had a face-to-face meeting one night with a heated exchange of words. At the end, Immanuel picked up a stick and chased Saul away! And then Saul, his thoughts on revenge, met with Judas Ihariot (the real betrayer) the son of the Pharisee Simeon, to discuss how to seize Immanuel and turn him over to the authorities. See Chapter 26, page 201, in the TJ for the entire passage. And Saul (changed to Paul) is the darling of the Fundamentalist Christians! And has anyone forgotten that Saul is a cold-blooded murderer? Who brutally killed defenseless men, women, and children

because they were Christians! And this man is a hero and role model!?

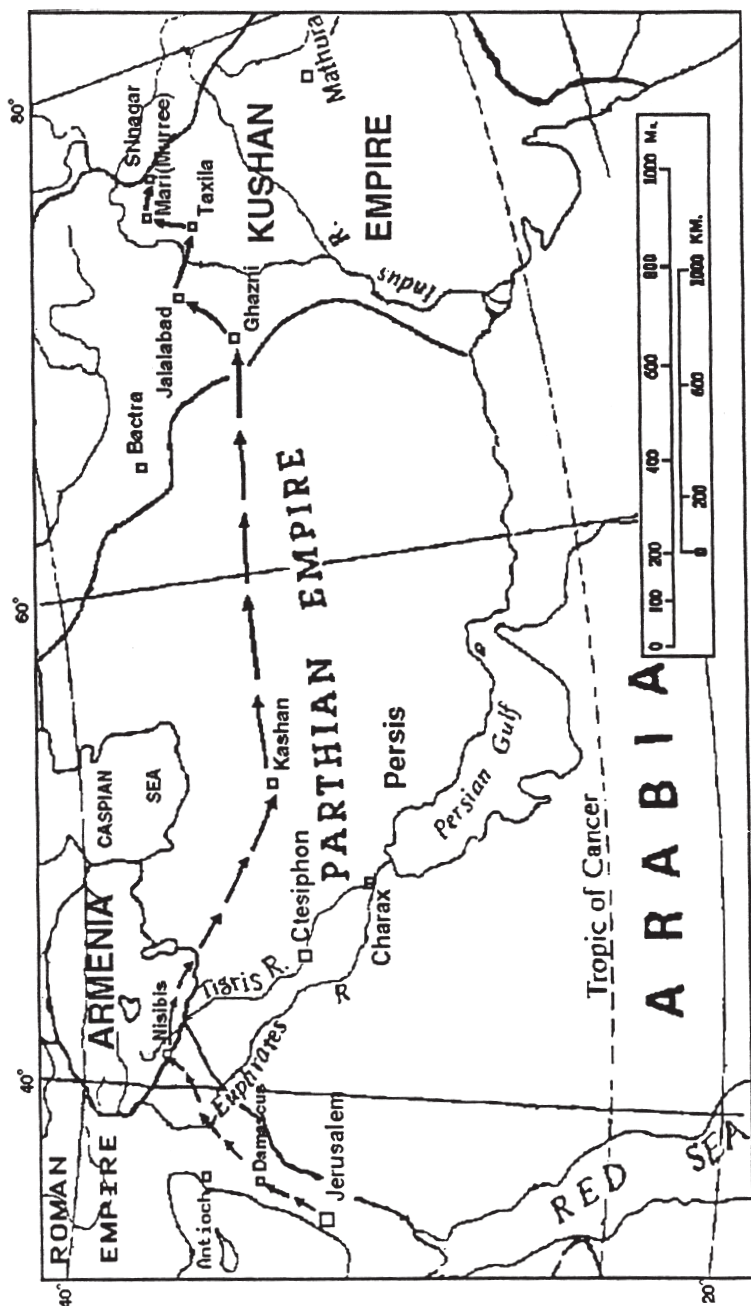
Returning to India

To continue with events: following the year in Damascus, Jmmanuel and his close group joined a caravan journeying to India. It was in what is now northern Pakistan that Jmmanuel's mother, Mary (then advanced in years) became very ill and died. The town of Murree, Pakistan, in the Himalayan foothills is named for Mary's burial place. Her tomb there can still be visited now. And incidentally, the beer named Murree Beer is, in a strange way, the connection by which I became involved with this story.

The remainder of the story is that following his mother's death, Jmmanuel went to Srinagar, Kashmir, in northwestern India. There, at about the age of 45, he married a pretty, young woman and they settled down to a happy married life. The woman bore him several children, the oldest of which was a boy named Joseph. Jmmanuel continued to go on journeys, give spiritual teachings, and perform healings throughout his lifetime.

Judas Iscariot was Jmmanuel's neighbor and close friend. He frequently accompanied Jmmanuel on his journeys and was his diligent scribe. He died at about the age of 90 and was buried near Srinagar. Jmmanuel lived to about the age of 110 and was buried also at Srinagar.

Following his father's death, his eldest son Joseph took the scrolls of parchment, encased in resin, which contained *The Talmud of Jmmanuel*, and traveled to Jerusalem. There, in the burial cave in which Jmmanuel had



Probable return to India route taken by Immanuel (Jesus) and his party following the crucifixion.

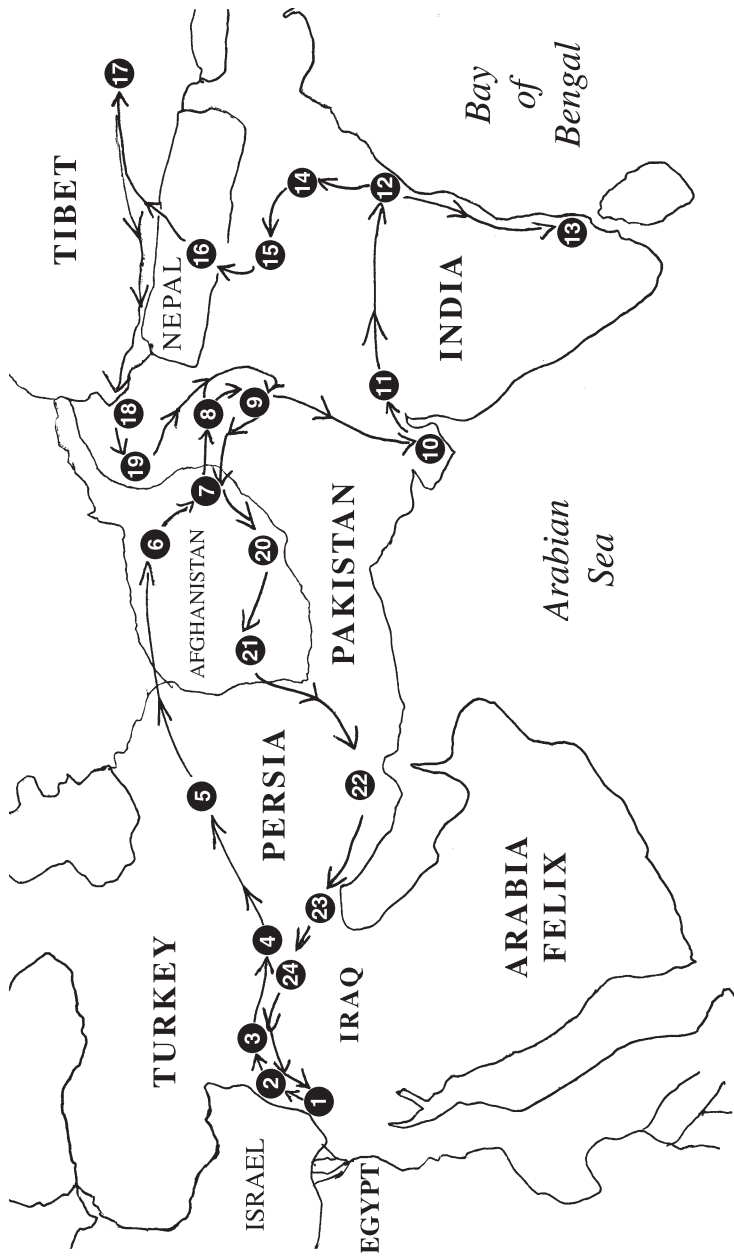
lain, Joseph buried the scrolls under a rock within the cave which was partially filled in with sand and dirt. He believed that would be the safest place. In 1963, Eduard Albert Billy Meier was directed to find the scrolls and with the help of Priest Isa Rashid the scrolls were translated from Aramaic to German. Isa Rashid and his family were later killed by Israeli security forces.

On a personal note: I am deeply impressed and inspired whenever I read *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* and also the companion book *Celestial Teachings* by Dr. James Deardorff. Anyone who is a truthseeker should examine these books and give them a fair audience. In my opinion, *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* really is proto-Matthew, that is, the original, uncensored gospel of Matthew. It is spiritual dynamite!

An important point for anyone who may have been reading the writings of Kal K. Korff who makes masses of claims against the reality of Eduard Meier's contact experiences: Dr. James W. Deardorff has written a well-researched and scholarly report in 1996 entitled "A Refutation of False Claims and Distortions by Korff." If the reader would like to obtain a copy of that report, please look in the Resources section at the end of this book and contact Jonah Publishing.

I Learn about the “Billy” Meier UFO Case





The possible route which 13-year-old Immanuel (Jesus) may have taken to India. And his possible return route in his 20s. (1) Jerusalem, (2) Damascus, (3) Palmyra, (4) Baghdad, (5) Rhagae, (6) Bactra, (7) Kabul, (8) Rawalpindi, (9) Lahore, (10) Palitana, (11) Ujjain, (12) Jagannath, (13) Madras, (14) Rajagriha, (15) Benares, (16) Kapilavastu, (17) Lhasa, (18) Leh, (19) Srinagar, (20) Kandahar, (21) Farah, (22) Persepolis, (23) Susa, (24) Seleucia.

CHAPTER 5

How Do You Like Your Jesus?

When you tell the truth to someone, you should first have one foot in the stirrup of your horse.

—Turkish saying

How do you like your coffee? With cream or milk? With sugar? Black? How do you like your ice cream? With chocolate syrup? With nuts? With fruit? How do you like your Jesus?

I grew up in a fundamentalist Christian church in which it seemed to me that most of the preachers and elders talked far more about the apostle Paul than about Jesus. Personally, I loved to really focus on Jesus, his life, his teachings, and his miracles.

But intuitively, somehow, I always felt I wasn't getting the whole, true story. It sounded to me like a lot of

lies had been put into his mouth. It sounded to me like a lot of censorship. I would be expecting him to say really hard-hitting, profound things which beautifully would be just ringing with truth. Things so right-on and stinging accurate that people would gasp, narrow their eyes a little, and nod in deep agreement.

But it wasn't there. The things I found Jesus saying in the gospels seemed to me to be okay, but at the same time bland, colorless, and often vague or obscure. What, I often wondered, had he **really** said? And, of course, **what about the many missing years?** Of course, I am speaking of the period of time from when Jesus was 12 years old, at the Feast of the Passover, until his baptism by John. *Think about it: do we grasp the potential significance of those missing years in the life of Jesus?* The teenage and 20's years are critically important for growth and the development of one's values and personality.

The only transitional verse in the Bible dealing with the missing years, comes at the end of the second chapter of Luke (Luke 2:52). These are the words, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man." What the hell does that mean? *For many years Jesus was just humming away in his father's carpentry shop, making chairs and tables? And Jesus magically was gaining great spiritual wisdom by going for long walks in the hills?* And the next chapter in Luke begins with Jesus being baptized by John and then beginning his ministry.

Almost everyone conveniently overlooks a very important point about ancient Jewish culture: *Jewish boys at the age of 12 or 13 years were expected to get married!* Boys who would become rabbis, that is, teachers, were particularly expected to marry! Therefore, there would

be tremendous social pressure for a brilliant and very promising boy like Jesus to marry. A family's reputation was at stake. Such a boy who did not marry could be considered immoral and very strange, or worse!

The simple solution for a very special boy like Jesus, who had different plans and goals, was to secretly run away from home. Jesus had other siblings, with normal goals, who would stay at home. Jesus could write a goodbye letter, telling that he would return after some years. Then he could join a camel caravan of merchants, bound for India. Jesus could volunteer to work as a camp helper and assistant. With Jesus physically absent, his parents could make up any respectable story they wanted to tell people—and, the pressure would be off.

To me, the missing time following the feast of the Passover, when Jesus was 12, followed by the jump to the year when he began his ministry, is a blatantly obvious coverup. And, what is being covered up is, obviously again, something **important**, which they do not want you to know about. *Someone deliberately never put the "lost years" into any of the Gospels. Why?*

For one thing, if the Christian Bible explicitly says that Jesus Christ went to India, lived there for years, and actively studied Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism, that would be showing that Jesus was interested in other religions. Perhaps he was even respectful of other religions! And, if the Bible shows that Jesus learned healing arts from Hindu holy people, how to walk on water, make five loaves feed 5,000 people, and other miraculous events, the status of Christianity might be profoundly tainted or changed for some people.

More importantly, the status of Christian priests and preachers could be changed! *Churches are keenly interested*

in getting people's money and possessions! If you have any doubts about that, go visit a city with some Christian universities, and spend some time in the nursing homes and hospitals. You will see the cheesy Christian vultures, wooing elderly people to will their home, business, ranch (or all of the above) to their church group. Of course, those well-paid vultures are the minions and lackeys of the wealthy Christian churches and universities.

If Jesus (Jmmanuel) condemned such money-grubbing, non-spiritual behavior, that truth would go over like a lead balloon with the greedy priests and preachers. What if Jesus condemned the Hebrews for murdering neighbors, stealing land, and acting self-righteous? And if Jesus expresses belief in reincarnation, karma, human extraterrestrials, metal space ships, space travel, and so forth, the ideas would be pure heresy! We can't have the boss man talking heresy, even if he really did! That's why the gospels were not faithful to their original source.

As author Janet Bock points out in her excellent book *The Jesus Mystery*: "In examining historical records of the early Christian church, it became evident that early church councils, especially the First Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. changed many points of doctrine, and it was possible those missing years were expunged because they did not coincide with the political needs of a growing church."

The Power Elite and The Belief Systems

Let me express some of my own understanding about what the Pleiadians told Billy Meier in the Contact

Notes. *One thing they said is that for thousands of years on planet Earth a “power elite” has controlled earthhumans by foisting “belief systems” including governments and organized religions upon the masses of people. Those belief systems are to the detriment of the people: they keep people disempowered and in spiritual darkness.*

The power elite are just delighted with that situation. That is what they want. People who are disempowered can easily be controlled, exploited, and manipulated! The power elite are content to keep a low profile and basically stay out of public view—and public scrutiny!

The effect of the belief systems is something like: “Okay, you peasants and serfs! Obey your king or you will rot in the dungeon! Obey Holy Mother Church or you will burn in Hell for Eternity!” Of course, the common people are scared witless and shitless! They hustle to conform, be submissive, and certainly to not rock the boat!

The thing the power elite does **not** want, the thing they dread and consider most odious, is for people to become spiritually empowered. That is, when people are genuinely seeking truth and evolving spiritually, they will develop strong intuitive abilities. With those abilities, they will easily discern truth from falsehood. They will immediately know when their leaders and governments are lying to them.

About governments on this planet: the Pleiadians basically say that all of them are terrible. They are dominated by power-hungry, arrogant people who seek to dominate, control, exploit, and manipulate the masses of people. Conversely, governments should be trying to help people grow spiritually and assisting them in that

direction. For example, on their home planet of Erra, which orbits the star Taygeta, in the Pleiades, the people live according to the laws of Creation, and their High Council gives what could be called suggestions.

Furthermore, as people evolve spiritually they will become more and more fearless. They will be less subject to intimidation and threats. Spiritual empowerment may also include enhanced telepathic abilities, clairvoyance, telekinesis, and other abilities. All in all, a human population which is really starting to spiritually evolve will not only be more empowered, they will be greatly more ethical, much less prone to violence and warfare, and keenly concerned about the environment. They will also be very critical and insightful thinkers!

So how do you like your Jesus? Let's talk a little about Divinity, Salvation, and Resurrection. Big subjects. Hot potatoes! Yes, they are touchy, very important, and sensitive issues because they are parts of the most cherished beliefs of most Christians. And, roughly speaking, when we count Protestants and Catholics together, we may be talking about approximately 1,000,000,000 (One Billion) to 1,400,000,000 more or less, human beings on planet Earth who consider themselves Christians, of some sort.

Let's consider the information from the Pleiadians, as I understand it. They say that the one we call Jesus Christ was actually never known by that name during his lifetime, but was actually called Jmmanuel (spelled with a "J"). They say that Jmmanuel's soul origin is from a planet called Lahson, in a distant part of our Milky Way Galaxy. And that Jmmanuel's soul is part of a small group of very spiritually advanced souls which volunteered, thousands of years ago, to come to Earth and

undertake the difficult mission of bringing the spiritual teaching of Creation and its laws.

Jmmanuel (Jesus) Was A Human Being

They say that Jmmanuel was a human being like you and I. He was very spiritually advanced and possessed great knowledge and wisdom. He was thus able to perform what we call “miracles.” He did not wish to be worshipped or treated as a god. He was not peddling salvation, scaring people with hellfire, or demanding money. He did want people to listen to his teachings about Creation and its laws. He wanted people to think for themselves, to use logic and reason, and to seek knowledge and wisdom. He wanted people to learn from their mistakes and to grow spiritually. He wanted people to get in touch with their eternal souls which are omnipotent. Jmmanuel wanted to be an example for people.

One of the noteworthy points from *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* is that the apostle, Judas Iscariot, was not the betrayer of Jmmanuel! The betrayer of Jmmanuel was a man named Juda Ihariot, who was the son of an important Pharisee named Simeon. It was Juda Ihariot who, overcome with remorse, hanged himself with his own belt. Upon swiftly hearing of this, his father Simeon and the other ruling Pharisees gave orders that his body would be quickly buried in the Field of the Potter. And, they ordered that the lie be spread that Judas Iscariot—one of his own apostles—had betrayed Jmmanuel. Therefore, how could his teaching be any good???

And, of course, Judas Iscariot, like the other apostles, was in hiding—in fear for his life—and could not refute

the lie! And also, the lie protected the real wrongdoer, Juda Ihariot, and more importantly it protected the father, Simeon. Since Juda Ihariot was dead, he would never confess or recant. His body would soon decompose. And, since the two names were almost identical, the lie would be believed from the beginning. And it was! But the lie will not stand.

The Truth will Prevail

There is a wonderful saying, "The truth will prevail." The truth will win. I encourage interested readers to examine a copy of *Celestial Teachings* by Dr. James Deardorff, and also *The Talmud of Jmmanuel*, translated by Julie H. Ziegler, at a library or bookstore. Read, search, think, and draw your own conclusions.

Some further details are that Judas Iscariot was a close friend of Jmmanuel, as well as his best scribe and chronicler. After the crucifixion, and the years spent at Damascus, when Jmmanuel returned to India, not only was he accompanied by his mother Mary, and his brother Thomas, but also Judas Iscariot.

Jmmanuel survived the crucifixion in a state of near-death. Joseph of Arimathea realized that Jmmanuel was not dead, but in a state of near-death. He told no one, but swiftly went to Pilate and got permission to take the body down. Pilate was surprised that a man with no broken bones would be dead so quickly, but gave permission.

Cloth was wrapped around the body and it was taken to Joseph of Arimathea's new tomb, which was freshly hewn out of stone. After placing it, a large stone was rolled over the entrance. Unknown to others, Joseph

had seen to it that a second, tunnel entrance existed for the tomb. With friends of Jmmanuel from India who were healers, they entered through the tunnel and ministered to Jmmanuel for three days with salves and medicines. After three days, Jmmanuel was well enough to walk. They left at night and went secretly to Damascus.

Jmmanuel recuperated for two years in hiding in Damascus. He was joined there by his mother, Mary, his brother, Thomas, Judas Iscariot, and others. During that year, it was Jmmanuel himself who confronted the misguided Saul of Tarsus one night with a flaming mixture.

Later, Jmmanuel returned to India, where he had spent his youth. Along the way, his mother Mary became very ill and died at what is now Murree, Pakistan, in the Himalayan foothills. He settled at Srinagar, Kashmir, in northwestern India, where at about the age of 45 he married a pretty, young woman. They had several children. Judas Iscariot was a neighbor and lifelong friend who died at about the age of 90. After a long and happy life, Jmmanuel died at about the age of 110 from natural causes and was buried near Srinagar.

For the complete story of these events, please consult *The Talmud of Jmmanuel*. The Resources section at the end of this book has more information.

The point of that information for me is that Jmmanuel wanted to be an example for human beings. He wanted for humans to listen to what he was teaching about Creation and its laws. He wanted people to seek knowledge and wisdom and to strive to grow spiritually. He wanted to show people the possibilities which any human being can eventually achieve if they grow spiritually.

Let's talk about Divinity: basically, Christians are taught that Jesus is the son of God. And furthermore, that Mary's pregnancy was an immaculate conception—that no man was involved with the pregnancy. And also, that Jesus is the only son of God and therefore, anyone in a different religion or on a different spiritual path is going to burn in hell for eternity.

Putting Immanuel (Jesus) on a Very High Pedestal

When we make Jesus the son of God, we immediately set him up to be worshipped as God. Of course, this means we put Jesus up on a very, very high pedestal. Which means, his value as an example is largely destroyed. In other words, when people exalt Jesus to God-status, his human being-status becomes confusing for a lot of people. Many people say something like: "Jesus could forgive and do so and so because he is the son of God, but I'm an ordinary human so you can't expect me to forgive or behave like Jesus."

Along with the worship of Jesus as the son of God, comes the big-ticket item of Salvation. Basically, the idea is to worship Jesus, call on his name, attend your church regularly, donate money to your church, try to be good, and hopefully when you die, you'll get to go to heaven. Then you can sit on a cloud and play a harp for eternity. Does that make any sense? Some people think they can attend church once a year at Easter, call on Jesus' holy name for salvation, live like a skunk the rest of the year, and eventually go to heaven. Does that make any sense either?

How Do You Like Your Jesus?

Personally, I believe that after the transition we call death, the positive or negative consciousness we have developed, along with our lifetime karma, determines if we go to the upper astral plane, or the lower astral plane. We do not stay in either place permanently. In those places we meet with our spirit guides and review the entire lifetime, like a military de-briefing session. Did we accomplish our mission? How did we affect each human individual we interacted with? Did we learn our important lessons? Then with our spirit guides, we chart our plans and objectives for the next lifetime. We may return to Earth after some years, many years, or, perhaps only months. Eventually, we finish our lessons, and our soul moves on to a higher realm.

Basically, the Christian religion has distorted the true teachings of Jmmanuel, the one called Jesus Christ. The Christian religion has until now succeeded in using methods of **FEAR** (attend Church regularly, donate lots of money, and will us your property! Or you could burn in hell!), **GUILT**, and **INTIMIDATION**.

The Pleiadians explain that the one we call Jesus Christ was never known by that name during his lifetime, but rather, was called Jmmanuel. They say that his real biological father was a Pleiadian leader named Gabriel. The conception may have taken place by artificial insemination. Joseph was his surrogate father.

They further explain that Jmmanuel's soul origin is from a distant planet called Lahson, located in a star system in the far reaches of our Milky Way Galaxy. His soul is part of a small group of highly advanced human souls which volunteered, thousands of years ago, to come to earth. *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* explains that his

mission is focused on teaching about Creation and its laws. And Jmmanuel is trying diligently to help the humans of Earth to evolve spiritually and make wise decisions.

In my understanding, what we call “God,” the Pleiadians call “Creation.” They explain that Creation encompasses the entire universe and has consciousness and great intelligence. It reminds me of the “Force” in Star Wars. In *The Talmud of Jmmanuel*, Jmmanuel explains that within Creation there are spiritually advanced human beings called an Jshwjsh (ish-wish), or King of Wisdom. These Kings of Wisdom act as governors, or Gods, over various planetary systems. Incidentally, Jehovah was a terribly vindictive and fickle Jshwjsh.

So Jmmanuel explains that God is a human being who acts as governor over the human races and travels from the far reaches of space. *Jmmanuel points out further that each human being possesses a soul which is eternal, reincarnating again and again, through a vast number of lifetimes. Each soul is evolving spiritually at its own rate, making mistakes but learning and growing from those mistakes. And, Jmmanuel explains that each human soul is omnipotent! There is a mystery, but each soul has unlimited potential and ability!* Jmmanuel encourages everyone to truly get in touch with their soul and to use its potential.

Concerning resurrection: Dr. James Deardorff in his wonderful book, *Celestial Teachings* points out that the teachings in *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* remain heretical because they depict Jmmanuel as having survived the crucifixion and as having taught reincarnation, not resurrection. The Resources section at the back of this book gives information about how to obtain *Celestial Teachings*, *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* and other books and materials.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

**Where Did the Name Jesus
Come From?**

The following are excerpts from Dr. James W. Deardorff's *Celestial Teachings* (pages 29-30):

Now, it is known that the name Jesus is an abbreviated form of the old Hebrew name Y'hoshua, meaning "Yahweh saves" (God saves), and does not have an Aramaic derivation. The Hebrew name "Joshua" is a form of this. On the other hand, the original name J was prophesied to be given, according to the citation from Isaiah appearing in Mt 1:23, is Immanuel or Emmanuel, which means "God with us," and is Aramaic.

...

It is Paul who seems most likely to have first given J the name Jesus because he is the one who attained a position of sufficient influence to make such a change stick. As motivation, the meaning of "Jesus" well fit Paul's redemption theology and emphasis of man's sinfulness. "God with us" (Immanuel) just does not touch upon this main theme of Paul, while "God saves" (Jesus) does, since it is shorthand for "God saves us from our sins." By referring to him as Jesus, or, much more often, as Jesus Christ, Paul would only have been making his theological viewpoint easier for others to understand—certainly not committing any sin from his own perspective.

As a precedent for his having initiated the Jesus tradition, we may note that he changed his own name, Saul, into Paul. As further precedent, Paul would likely have known that Moses had changed the name of Hoshea, son of Nun, into Joshua, his successor (Nm 13:8, 16).

Also see pages 87-89 in *Celestial Teachings* for more details on the origin of the name Jesus.



Chapter 6

Journey to Dharmsala, India: A visit to the Tibetan refugee community and beyond...

*The jewel of experience is purchased at an
infinite price.*

—William Shakespeare

After several mind-expanding days in the Srinagar area, I needed to continue my journey through India and Nepal. I boarded a local bus headed through the town of Jammu, bound for another town called Pathankot. From there, I would change buses and head northeasterly into the province of Himachal Pradesh. My destination there would be the Tibetan refugee community at Dharmsala.

Following the Communist Chinese takeover of Tibet in 1959, His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama and his entourage fled Tibet and were given sanctuary in India. The Dalai Lama and several thousand other Tibetans live at Dharmsala in the northwestern part of India. The late Thomas Merton, a famous Trappist Monk and author, once visited the Dalai Lama at Dharmsala in 1968. Also, in the Steven Spielberg movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* there is a brief scene which takes place at Dharmsala.

When the bus arrived, I found out that Dharmsala is in three parts: lower Dharmsala, at the bottom of the mountain, is a mostly Hindu town with a somewhat warm and arid climate. Upper Dharmsala is part-way up the mountain and has a mixture of Hindus and Buddhists. The third, and highest settlement on the mountain is called McLeod Ganj and it is almost entirely Tibetan Buddhists.

McLeod Ganj is in a forest of large, beautiful pine trees. The climate there is cool and pleasant and the air is filled with the wonderful fragrance of the pine trees. The first Tibetans I saw were those who boarded the bus at upper Dharmsala: they came running to the bus in a group, laughing and smiling, like happy children. Many of them, both men and women, wore beautiful turquoise jewelry.

Most of the women wore traditional Tibetan dresses called "chupas" in wonderful pastel colors with multi-colored aprons. The men wore traditional shirts and pants with tall boots and dark coats tied around their waists. Both sexes often had braided hair. The Tibetans smiled easily and seemed to be genuinely good-natured. Their features reminded me a lot of American Indians.



Tibetan Buddhist prayer wheels at Dharmsala, India.

The bus arrived at McLeod Ganj a little before sunset, as the sunlight filtered through the large pine trees. The village is located high in the Himalayan foothills with a sweeping view of the plains below. The air was cool and filled with a delightful pine fragrance. The central part of the village consisted of two parallel rows of Tibetan-type wood and stone buildings with a wide, stone plaza between them. In the center of the plaza was a large, dome-like “chorten,” a Tibetan Buddhist holy place. Two long rows of Tibetan prayer wheels flanked the chorten on either end of the plaza.

A Tibetan Ceremony

As I stepped off the bus and shouldered my Kelty pack, I heard the beautiful, melodic sound of many Tibetan voices chanting softly in unison. I took a few steps

closer to the central plaza and found that perhaps more than 100 Tibetan adults, men and women, were sitting cross-legged on the stone plaza. Many were spinning small prayer wheels in one hand; all were chanting Tibetan mantras, holy phrases. It was such a magical, enchanting scene that I looked all around, expecting that a movie was being filmed.

But it wasn't. There were no movie cameras and as far as I could tell, I appeared to be the only Westerner there at the time. I had just been watching one of those delightful slices of real life which a traveler sometimes happens upon. Because of my Peace Corps training, I was feeling a special sense of respect for other cultures. I discreetly waited quietly under some trees until the devotional meeting ended. Everyone strolled away to dinner, and I found a small hotel called the Kailas Hotel. After leaving my pack in the room, I headed off to find a restaurant.

As I was leaving the hotel desk, I met a young Tibetan monk named Ngotup Tsering. He was from a monastery near Darjeeling (place of the thunderbolt) in northeastern India. He was an assistant to His Holiness the Karmapa. I invited Ngotup to join me for dinner; we went to a nearby place called the Blue Tibet. We ordered both Tibetan and Western food. I tried the traditional Tibetan tea which contains lots of yak butter and salt. Not bad, but I think it is an acquired taste!

Also, I tried tsampa, a Tibetan staple food which is made from ground barley. It is not bad, either. We had a wide-ranging discussion about events in Tibet and what might happen in the future. My heart certainly goes out for the wonderful people of Tibet and their brave struggle against the oppression by the Chinese

Communists. After we paid for our meal, I wished Ngotup farewell and turned in early at the hotel.

The next morning after breakfast, I walked westward through the forest to visit a small chapel I had heard about: the Chapel of St. John in the Wilderness. The day before I was told that Dharmsala was in times past the unofficial summer capital of India. The British Viceroys who governed India, used to escape the stifling summer heat of the plains by spending the summer in the cool mountains of Dharmsala. The chapel I visited is in the midst of many large pine trees, in a beautiful setting. No one else was there at that time. I admired the wonderful stained glass windows and wall plaques with names of "Her Majesty's Ghurka Rifles..." and others.

Later, I visited a Tibetan Buddhist Temple at McLeod Ganj and also looked at the outside of the Dalai Lama's house. A short walk away, I found a group of young Westerners studying Tibetan language at the Tibetan Library and Archives. It is a beautiful Tibetan-style building in which the top of each wall slopes inward from the bottom. I explored a lot of trails in the area, enjoying the mountain scenery. I remember many Tibetans made the polite gesture of sticking out their tongues, which means there are no lies in their mouths. Once, I met a cobra on one of the lower trails. I stood still and let him cross the trail!

New Delhi

New Delhi, the capital of India, was my next destination. The bus arrived about midday. I boarded a three-wheeled scooter taxi after negotiating a fare and was

headed for a low-priced hotel in the area called Connaught Circus. The name Circus comes from a series of circular-shaped rows of buildings in that newer part of New Delhi. I checked into a small hotel owned by a lady from the province of Goa, India, named Mrs. Lorenzo. Goa was settled by the Portuguese and many of the Indian people there have Portuguese names.

I walked after that to the train station to buy a ticket to Agra and ultimately, to Benares (also called Varanasi). There was some excitement in the station because a silvery-disk type of UFO had been seen hovering near the station only a few hours before. From what people told me, a lot of people saw the saucer-shaped craft before it darted away at high speed. Many people were still looking upward, wondering if it might return. I believed them and wished I had seen it also.

Later, I visited the old Astronomical Observatory which is a set of open-air structures and includes a famous pillar of solid iron which, mysteriously, never rusts. I looked at it, touched it, and marveled myself.

Next, I was on my way to the Nepal Embassy to apply for a tourist visa to visit Nepal. Back in Afghanistan, I had gotten the visas to visit Pakistan and India. An amusing scam attempt happened near the Nepal Embassy: an Indian man carrying a woman rushed up to me, acting excited. The woman was moaning and the man said something like: "Sahib, wife very sick! Please give money for hospital!"

I believed them, but needed to change some travelers cheques into rupees. I apparently spoke too quickly for them to understand, as I dashed away to find a bank. After a few steps, I looked back over my shoulder, and saw both of them casually walking away, shrugging

their shoulders and chatting. As if to say, “Oh well, he didn’t fall for it.” I learned to be careful!

Some Advice for Travelers

A few pieces of advice for savvy travelers: many young people use a leather pouch on a strap with the strap going over one shoulder, letting the pouch rest on one side under an arm. This can be a good way to carry your passport, travelers cheques, airline tickets, and other valuables. An even better way is to wear the pouch underneath one’s shirt or blouse. A regular wallet or purse can carry cash for daily expenses. Another good system is to use a money belt which is large enough to hold a passport and other valuables. The money belt should be worn under one’s clothing. Of course, it is always best to go to a secure place such as a hotel room or restroom in order to get something out of the pouch of money belt.

In some countries, changing money at places other than banks can bring a much better exchange rate. In some countries it can also be very illegal. Find out what the laws are first. Whether it is legal or illegal, a good rule of thumb is to never change money with a stranger on foot.

Lots of scams involve a very fast and sneaky switching of money. For example: a stranger may approach you on a street and ask if you would like to change American dollars into the local currency, offering you a good rate. He may already have a crisp one-dollar bill curled up in his left hand. Let’s say you hand him a 100-dollar bill and he holds it up to the sunlight to examine. Suddenly, he looks behind you, says “Police

coming. Take your money and go!" He quickly hands you a curled-up piece of paper money and disappears into the crowd. Later, you examine the money and find it is a one-dollar bill. This story never happened to me, but I have heard it from others.

The moral from that story is simply: if you change money at a place other than a bank, do so at a store or business place. Remember, a person who owns a store cannot pick up the store and run away with it! A person on foot in a street or bazaar is highly mobile and can run away; a store owner is basically in a fixed location and is much more likely to deal honestly with you.

Putting Your Back to a Wall

Some more tips: if you are eating alone in a restaurant, you can always choose a table at which you can have your back to a wall. In some countries, robbers work in pairs; one can approach you from behind, wrapping his arms completely around you and holding your arms pinned to your sides. Meanwhile, the second robber quickly takes valuables from pockets. Then they knock you down to the floor and both run. If your back is to a wall, they will probably choose easier prey.

My visa for Nepal was ready the next morning. I took an interesting mini-tour of New Delhi for a couple of hours with a Canadian young lady I had met at the hotel. We went in a taxi to the Parliament buildings and walked for a while outside, among the beautifully landscaped gardens. I noticed the Gurkha guards stationed at various entrance ways into the buildings. The Gurkhas are a particular tribe from Nepal who have

distinguished themselves as outstanding soldiers for hundreds of years. They carry a very large, distinctive knife called a “kukri.” In Nepal you will see a lot of them.

My Canadian lady friend, Michele, told me that she wanted to visit the zoo that afternoon. I happily agreed to go with her because I love animals also. We first went to lunch at a pleasant, air-conditioned restaurant near Connaught Circus. At a nearby table, a group of ladies who appeared to be from different parts of India were having a conversation in English. The national language, Hindi, is spoken mostly in the northern half of India. So sometimes, English is the most practical common language for a conversation.

Michele and I arrived at the zoo, paid admission, and strolled the walkways. We were very impressed by the kindness shown by the keepers to the animals. Michele asked me after a while if I had ever been married. I told her I had been close to marriage a couple of times, but travel had interfered. Or we had different goals. And, I had had a lot of different lady friends through the years, but my extensive travels and my interest in reincarnation, UFO's, astrology and other unusual spiritual beliefs had put me out of the mainstream.

Michele told how she had been engaged to a controlling-type of man in Canada and broke things off because she felt like she was suffocating. Traveling all over the world had been important to her, also. She had to catch a flight the next morning to Athens, where she would be meeting friends and they would travel around Europe together. I smiled at her and wished her a wonderful trip. We were still strolling around at the zoo, and we came to the elephant enclosure.

Romantic Elephants

Lo and behold, one of the big male elephants lovingly put his head and trunk on the back end of one of the pretty female elephants. Soon, it looked like the male elephant had five legs, and before long, he mounted her. The Indian people nearby all became quiet, in a kind of amused, spellbound, and breathless way. Michele smiled at me, and I smiled back and impulsively took her hand and squeezed it. She squeezed back and looked deep into my eyes. About then, the elephants made a soft, deep groan. I gave Michele a long kiss.

Later, that evening, we had dinner at the same restaurant and went for a leisurely walk. Back at the hotel, Michele invited me to her room for a drink. We couldn't help but talk about the elephants, and we had some good laughs. Soon, we were kissing and taking off each other's clothes. Before long, we were in her bed in the moonlight, making like elephants ourselves.



Romantic elephants on another occasion: Amboseli, Kenya.

We were up early the next morning. I went with Michele to the New Delhi Airport. We had tea together and visited for a while. We talked about how it seemed sometimes there are too many farewells in life. A hush came over the people in that area, and we turned to see a European woman in a fur coat, walking by. The Indian people were all staring at her, and she was obviously uncomfortable. I heard one Indian man seriously ask another if perhaps she had killed the animals herself.

The call came for Michele's flight and we walked together. We kissed and waved goodbye and she was gone. I watched her plane depart and took a taxi back to the hotel. I finished packing and was soon at the train station, boarding the train for Agra, the city where the Taj Mahal is located. I was in an air-conditioned section of the train; the October days were still pretty hot and humid. The great panorama of the Indian landscape glided past. I wondered if the fabled Taj Mahal would live up to its reputation.



The author at the Taj Mahal, Agra, India.

CHAPTER 7

At the Taj Mahal and Beyond: A Dream in White Marble

*Some marvels can only be appreciated fully when
seen up close and with one's own eyes.*

—Anonymous

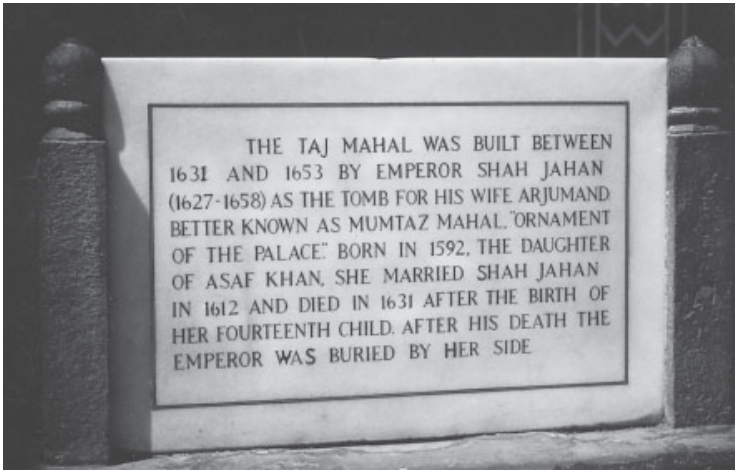
After about two and a half hours, the train pulled into the station at Agra, India. It was getting close to lunch time. Several boys were energetically saying, “Chai! Chai garam! Tea! Hot tea!” as they busily walked along the length of the train, pouring tea into cups made of clay. The great kaleidoscope of humanity in India was streaming in all directions: porters carrying loads on their heads, women in beautiful pastel-colored saris, men wearing robes and turbans of every description,

and clothing of every style, Asian and European. Maybe a snake charmer or two, someone with a bear or monkey on a chain. And, of course, all sorts of beggars: some with missing limbs, eyepatches, crutches, some in dancing troupes, clacking spoons and singing. And also, pickpockets and thieves were somewhere. Ah yes, train stations in India!

I soon boarded a bicycle rickshaw, and after checking into an inexpensive hotel, I was aboard a three-wheeled scooter taxi and on my way to the Taj Mahal. Interestingly, I was not able to see the Taj in the distance, as I had expected. I paid the taxi driver and was let off in a parking lot area. From there, I followed several small groups of people walking toward a stone building and wall which was apparently the entrance. The entry price was very modest. I then walked through the deep shadows and darkness of the entry building to the oval-shaped open doorway which faces the Taj Mahal itself and the inner courtyard.

Many people were audibly gasping at that point! In the bright sunlight, the Taj Mahal is glistening, huge, and exquisitely beautiful! The entry portal lines up exactly with the long, reflecting pool, and the entire scene is framed by the lovely, landscaped gardens on either side. I took a quick picture of the portal with my trusty Topcon 35mm camera, and then walked through and found a vacant area to one side where I could sit in the shade and soak in the view.

It was a clear, sunny day around the middle of October. The weather was pretty warm, but not too hot. The number of tourists that day was light, not many at all. And, interestingly, most of the tourists I saw were people from other parts of India. The Indian ladies,



wearing their traditional saris, walking along the reflecting pool toward the Taj, made a beautiful sight. As I sat taking pictures, one of the caretakers walked nearby and I remarked: "It is marvelous!" He paused and smiled, saying: "No one who comes here is disappointed; it is more wonderful than any picture can convey."

I walked to a white marble platform at about the midway point of the reflecting pool to take a self-portrait with my small tripod. I remembered once seeing a picture of President Eisenhower taken at exactly the same place. That spot, I thought, must be one of the most photographed locations on the planet. My picture turned out well (on page 98).

One story I heard from one of the caretakers was that during the India-Pakistan War of 1971, several Pakistani jet fighters were sent on a mission to bomb and destroy the Taj Mahal. Thereby, crippling or reducing the amount of tourism to India, and dealing a hard blow to the national morale. Whether a true threat or only a

rumor, the Indian military swiftly covered the entire Taj with huge sheets of dark-colored plastic, making it very hard to see The Taj at night from an attacking jet. They also brought anti-aircraft guns nearby. Fortunately, no attack ever came to the Taj.

Walking close to the white marble walls, I realized for the first time the staggering amount of intricately detailed stone work which had gone into the construction of the Taj Mahal. Built by the Emperor Shah Jehan between 1631 and 1653, as a memorial tomb for his beloved wife, Arjumand, better known as Mumtaz Mahal, "Ornament of the Palace." The Taj Mahal was built by more than 20,000 workmen who labored more than 20 years. Legend has it that after the completion, some of the most highly skilled stonemasons were blinded by the king's soldiers. Thus, they would never use their skills on a lesser structure. Mumtaz died after the birth of her 14th child. Maybe the old king loved her a little too much.

Inside the Taj Mahal

Inside the Taj, the guide explained to a small group of tourists about the intricacy and details of the fine stone inlays and carvings. He placed a small flashlight against one of the white marble walls, and moved it to touch the edge of one of the inlaid flower shapes. About the size of a small coin, the flower lit up to reveal that it was made of perhaps 14 or 16 separate pieces of different colored precious and semi-precious stones. Each petal of that flower was a different stone of a different color. And the inside walls and stone partitions had a mind-boggling number of such flowers and other details!

After illuminating several flowers, the guide smiled in the semi-darkness and raising his hands beside his mouth, he looked upward and said a loud “Om!” It sounded to me like there were at least seven distinct echoes which came, one after the other, from completely different directions. He explained that the echo effect was an intentional part of the building’s design. We took turns trying it out. It was novel! I can’t remember any other place I’ve been where the echoes sounded quite like that. One story I heard there was that when Lyndon Johnson was inside the Taj, he let out with a very loud cowboy yell. That must have been wild!

I walked thoughtfully around in the beautifully maintained gardens, looking at the Taj from many angles, and from near and far. The story I had read once was that originally, Shah Jehan had planned to have a second Taj built nearby to be made of black stones. But, before that was begun, his power-hungry son, Jehangir, seized the throne and had his own father cast into prison. Thus, Shah Jehan spent the final years of his life staring out of his prison cell, looking at his marvelous creation, the Taj Mahal.

At the end of the afternoon, I sat with several other tourists and enjoyed watching a spectacular sunset which bathed the Taj in marvelous orange and pink colors. It was awesome! I took a lot of pictures and even thought about staying there another day or two. But, I really needed to continue my journey. I knew also that the fall weather in the Himalayas, in Nepal, was becoming ideal for trekking in the mountains. And the colder weather would not be too far off. My trek to Everest Base Camp and the return would take 20 days, or more. I was excited to think about it!

A young French lady I had met at the Taj joined me for a chicken curry dinner at a nearby restaurant. After saying farewell, I was soon aboard a three-wheeled scooter taxi to pick up my backpack at the hotel. Then at the train station, I pulled out my ticket and boarded the overnight train to Benares (also called Varanasi). Benares is on the holy Ganges River. It is said that every devout Hindu would like to die in Benares. En route, the train would pass through the city of Kanpur.

Somehow, I had imagined that it would be a novel experience to try going third class on at least one of my train trips in India. It would be cheap and I would, most importantly, get lots of “local color”; you know, the “real flavor” of India. Did I ever! It was a time I will never forget! It turned out that many devout Hindus who are about to die will spend their meager life savings to buy a train ticket to go die in Benares. And they ride third class! That part of the train was jammed full of emaciated, suffering humanity. Many of the sick and elderly lay moaning and coughing on the filthy floors. And the stench was horrible!

Normally, I like people and try to be cheerful, but I was getting nauseous. I took my pack and found a friendly train conductor who was able, for a modest fee, to upgrade my ticket to second class and find me a sleeping compartment. I tipped him well, and fell asleep quickly, breathing the sweet air.

The Holy Ganges River

Sometime the next day, the train crossed the Ganges River, going hundreds of yards across an ancient cantilever bridge. The Ganges at that place looked very

wide, and was composed of various shallow channels, with many sandy gravel bars in between.

The Indian people aboard the train were wonderfully excited and joyful to see the holy Ganges. Many people, even the poorest, threw handfuls of coins out the windows into the waters. Many were chanting, some were holding their hands upward, many were crying. For most, it must have been the first time to see the fabulous holy river they had heard about all their lives. I felt humbled to be there at that moment.

The Benares train station was teeming with sweltering humanity that hot, dusty, afternoon in October. As I tried to buy tomorrow's ticket to a place called Patna, I was told that train service there was suspended indefinitely because of violent riots in which numerous people had been killed. The riots were about some kind of price increase about cooking oil, someone said.

My original plan was to travel overland by bus, train, truck, and so on, all the way to Nepal and back to Afghanistan. From Patna, one can go by bus northward to a place on the Indian border called Raxaul. Some people spend the night there and make arrangements to ride, the next morning, on top of a freighter truck into Nepal via a place called Birganj. Then the truck continues on into Kathmandu, the capital and biggest city in Nepal. I had read and been told that crossing the border from Raxaul to Birganj, there is a really spectacular, awesome view of the Himalayas. Especially if you are riding on top of a truck!

I thanked the window clerk at the train station, found a bicycle rickshaw driver, and was soon on my way to a small hotel I had read about called the Jai

Hind. I soon turned on the air conditioning in the small room, took a shower, and put on clean clothes.

Later, I was talking with the helpful desk clerk and decided, under the circumstances, to change my overland plans and jump over the problem area. Namely, to get on an airplane and fly from Benares to Kathmandu. The clerk directed me to a nearby Air India ticket office. Soon, I had a ticket for a flight tomorrow afternoon. I would still get a spectacular view of the Himalayas!

Next, I happened to find the same friendly rickshaw driver I had hired the day before. He was relaxing in the shade near the hotel entrance. We made a deal for a two-hour, or so, city tour of Benares. Specifically, I wanted to visit the area along the Ganges called the bathing ghats, and also to go to a place a few miles away called Sarnath.

The Life of the Buddha

Sarnath is the place where Guatama Siddhartha, the Buddha, gave his first public lecture after he had achieved enlightenment under the Bodhi Tree. That lecture at Sarnath was at a beautiful place called the Deer Park. Also, at the Deer Park is a small museum which contains a famous stone carving called the Lion Column of King Ashoka. This Lion Column is shown on much of the paper money used in India.

En route to Sarnath, my driver took me to a number of fascinating Buddhist temples. Buddhist organizations from various Asian countries have built the temples there because of the historical significance of Sarnath. The temples I visited that afternoon were mostly empty of people, except for one or two caretaker priests. They

smiled at me kindly and nodded and I returned the gesture. Some of the temples contained beautiful paintings of important scenes from the life of the Buddha, Prince Guatama Siddhartha.

Some of the paintings showed Siddhartha doing great feats of archery, or playing an ancient game called kabari, or riding his white horse, Kantika. Others showed Siddhartha with his wife and infant son. Or riding with his charioteer and seeing sick, aged, and dead people for the first time. Still others showed him living with a wandering group of ascetics in the forest, or meditating under the Bodhi Tree and finally achieving enlightenment. Years later, I saw the wonderful movie, *Little Buddha*, starring Keanu Reeves. The movie tells the story of the Buddha in a very charming and entertaining way.

After leaving a small offering at each temple, my driver and I headed off to the Deer Park. At one point, we came to a little hill and as we went up it, I could see my driver was straining on the pedals. Without saying anything, I hopped out of the rickshaw and walked beside him up the hill. He smiled sheepishly at me, and I smiled back, saying "That's okay; it's kind of warm to be going uphill anyway."

At the Deer Park, I bought my driver a soft drink and then I went strolling around the beautiful park. Tame deer and peacocks walked among the trees, and at one place, I stopped and sat on the grass in the shade of a tree. Closing my eyes, I used the mantra I had learned a few years before in a Transcendental Meditation course. The energy at the Deer Park felt very good.

Later, I walked around inside the small museum and took a close look at the Lion Column. King Ashoka was

a famous convert to Buddhism and he ruled a vast Indian Empire in approximately 300 B.C. Of interest to me, I remembered that back in Afghanistan, at the Kabul Museum, there is an original stela, or stone pillar, from King Ashoka's time.

An Edict from King Ashoka

The stone pillar bears an inscription in three languages, much like the famous Rosetta Stone from Egypt. The writing is a message from King Ashoka in Sanskrit, Persian, and Aramaic. The language of Jesus, I remembered, was Aramaic. It was interesting to me that Aramaic was one of the three languages used, which would indicate that Aramaic was a language known to many ancient travelers.

The stone pillar was one of many border marking stones, placed at the boundaries of Ashoka's vast, ancient India Empire. The writing is basically a warning and welcome saying that the great King Ashoka will not tolerate evildoers, invading armies, or the like. And, that he expects visitors to be on their best behavior, or he may clobber them good. Or something to that effect. Perhaps, I thought, Jesus himself may have read and touched that very stone.

After leaving Sarnath, my rickshaw driver and I headed back to the hotel. I paid what we had agreed on, and gave him a good tip besides. I even gave him an extra shirt which I didn't need. He beamed a big smile, thanked me, and headed off to his family. I ate dinner at a nearby restaurant, and was then joined by a young Australian man from the hotel who produced a small bottle of whiskey. It was a brand from Thailand, which

he'd carried with him. We both had a small drink, talked some about Australia, women, and world travel. Then I left to turn in early.

My alarm woke me before dawn. I dressed and was soon on my way, walking to the shores of the nearby Ganges River, to a place where boats are for hire. I pressed my palms together and said, "Namaste" to a boatman who crushed out his cigarette, smiled, and returned the greeting. We made a deal and were soon on our way to watch the early morning cremations which take place at the burning ghats, beside the Ganges. The ashes are then pushed into the river. The human corpses are wrapped in brightly colored cloth, and workers place them atop stacks of wood. The boatman and I watched from the boat, a stone's throw away. It was a cloudy, somber morning.

Looking back at the experience, I remember that I went there that morning because I had read somewhere that the experience would be "unforgettable, and deeply moving." It was! Since then, I have not gone to see any other human cremations. Some activities of other cultures are perhaps best left alone. Incidentally, I was carrying my camera at that time and the boatman warned me to not attempt to take any pictures there. We would be in great danger of being killed, he said. I agreed with him.

Soon, I checked out of the hotel and was aboard a shiny, clean taxi going swiftly to the Varanasi Airport. The driver was playing Beatles music, which was fine with me. At the airport, a bearded, turbaned Sikh gentleman working in Customs smiled and stamped my passport, and I was soon aboard an Air India jet. The destination was Kathmandu!



*The author standing atop Kala Pattar (18,200 feet)
with Nuptse, Lhotse, and Mt. Everest
(the dark, windswept mountain, 29,028 feet).*

CHAPTER 8

To Kathmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal: Walking 120 miles to Mt. Everest

*And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of
Kathmandu...*

—Rudyard Kipling

Flying northward, the jet emerged from the monsoon cloudcover, and in front of us was the sweeping panorama of the Himalayas, the highest mountains on Earth. The seatbelt sign was turned off and many of us stood up and looked out the windows on both sides of the aircraft. It was a spectacular view! Toward the far right, I even thought I could pick out Mount Everest on the horizon. Coming up below us was

the great east-west valley where Kathmandu is located. It was a happy time.

At the Kathmandu airport, the unique, twin-banner red flag of Nepal fluttered in the breeze. The Kingdom of Nepal is a country about the size of Florida. After finding my backpack, I cleared Customs and was soon aboard a taxi, headed for a budget-priced place called The Valley View Hotel.

Riding in the taxi, I certainly got a favorable first impression of Nepal. There were not the teeming masses of filthy, negative-looking people that you see so often in towns and cities in India. I could see poor people in Nepal, yes, but somehow things did not look as crowded or wretched. There did not seem to be as much trash and debris, either. Also, I enjoyed the coolness of the high elevation air, the lush vegetation, and the spectacular view of the nearby Himalayas. Nepal is wonderful!

After checking into the Valley View Hotel, I was soon on my way for a late afternoon walking tour of Kathmandu. I went first to the Peace Corps office, which at that time was on Janpath Road. The Americans there were civil, but not very friendly. I explained that I was a Peace Corps volunteer in Afghanistan, and they kind of nodded okay and went back to their paperwork. I looked around at brochures a little while and then left. Somehow, I thought we might have a friendly conversation, they might offer some helpful advice, or something. Individual Peace Corps volunteers may be very helpful to visitors (I know I was!). But many Peace Corps staff people act like a horse's rear end. Just like United States government bureaucrats. Enough on that.

I shook the dust off my boots and stepped into a taxi headed for the Swayambu Buddhist Chorten. The sunset

To Kathmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal



The Gate of the Snow Lions, Kathmandu, Nepal

was beginning when I arrived and I joined some Buddhist pilgrims walking around the chorten. Many resident monkeys were playing under the nearby trees. Children were also playing near the monkeys as their parents walked and chanted. I saw several large metal dorje (lightning bolt) symbols around the chorten, and high above were painted the two large eyes of the vigilant Buddha.

Later, I went to eat dinner at a place called The Rose Garden Restaurant . There, I happened to meet three Peace Corps volunteers who were working in Nepal. We got into a lively conversation about the good and bad things about the Peace Corps. They asked about my impressions of Afghanistan and, in turn, I asked them their impressions of Nepal. They had a lot of good insights about the cultures and peoples. I explained that I would soon be going on the long walk to the base camp of

Mount Everest. It is also called the trek to the Solu-Khumbu region, a walk of about 120 miles, or so.

A Yeti Attack

They were excited to hear about that and gave me some good advice. Later, one of them pulled out that day's copy of the local English-language newspaper, *The Daily Nepal*, and pointed out a news story of perhaps five or six paragraphs. The piece was titled, "Sherpa Woman near Namche Bazaar, Attacked by Yeti." I knew that a Yeti is also called The Abominable Snowman, the gigantic, eight-foot tall, hair-covered wild man of the Himalayas. The American version, found mostly in the Pacific Northwest, is called Sasquatch by American Indians, or simply Bigfoot.

I took the newspaper and read the story with keen interest. After all, in two weeks or so, I was going to be there! I saw that the story, which appeared on the lower half of the front page was written as a straight news story. Very matter-of-factly. The story told how that a young Sherpa woman had been sent by her parents to watch the family's small herd of yaks as they grazed on a high mountain slope, not far from the village of Namche Bazaar. A heavy fog clung to the mountain slopes on that chilly, autumn morning. The yaks are large, powerful oxen with long coats of hair, adapted to live only in high mountains.

The young woman was alert, ready to scare off any bears or wolves which might try to bother the yaks. Suddenly, from behind, she heard a deep, menacing grunt, and turned to see a Yeti striding toward her. The Yeti was a large, powerfully-built male, which appeared to

be about eight feet tall, and was covered with long, brownish-red hair.

The young Sherpa woman was petrified with fear, unable to move or make a sound. The Yeti was intent on going to the yaks, and as it swiftly walked past her, the Yeti gave her a quick, backhanded blow with one of its arms. The hit had great force, knocking her unconscious and tossing her body 10 or 15 feet backwards, through the air. Some time later, she awakened on the ground, shook her head, and peered up to see the huge Yeti nearby, squatting over a large, dead yak. Apparently, the Yeti had killed the yak by grabbing its horns and twisting, breaking its powerful neck—a feat no human can do!

The Yeti was tearing off chunks of meat and eating with loud crunching and smacking sounds. The Sherpa woman watched discreetly and when the Yeti finished and stood up, she pretended to be dead. The giant Yeti scratched itself and ambled off into the trees of a nearby valley. The Sherpa woman ran quickly to her family and told what had happened. The authorities came quickly to investigate, and the news spread from there. Interestingly, as I write this, within the last several weeks on cable television's The History Channel, there was a program about the Himalayan Yeti, titled "In Search of History: Abominable Snowman." The show featured a Sherpa woman named Lhakpa Dolma who was attacked by a Yeti! Perhaps this was the same woman I read about? My trip was in 1974.

Of related interest about Yetis: a thoroughly fascinating true story is told in the book by Slavomir Rawicz, *The Long Walk*. In it, Polish-born Rawicz tells his amazing story of escaping from a Siberian prisoner-of-war

camp. During the latter part of World War Two, Rawicz and six other prisoners escaped and walked four thousand miles to freedom! They walked from north of Lake Baikal, across Siberia and Mongolia, western China, and Tibet. After about one year of walking and incredible hardships, they reached British-held India. On the final day, as they descended the last snowy slope of the Himalayas, they had a clear, daytime sighting of two Yetis below them!

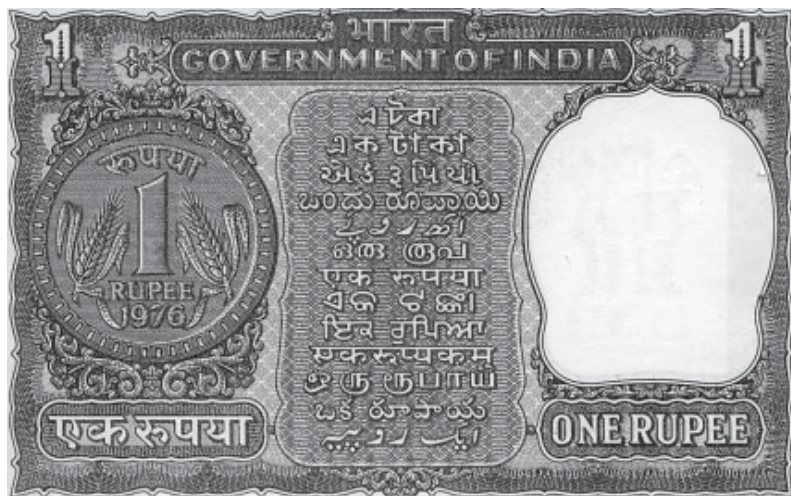
Rawicz is now elderly and living in England.

Preparing for a Trek in the Himalayas

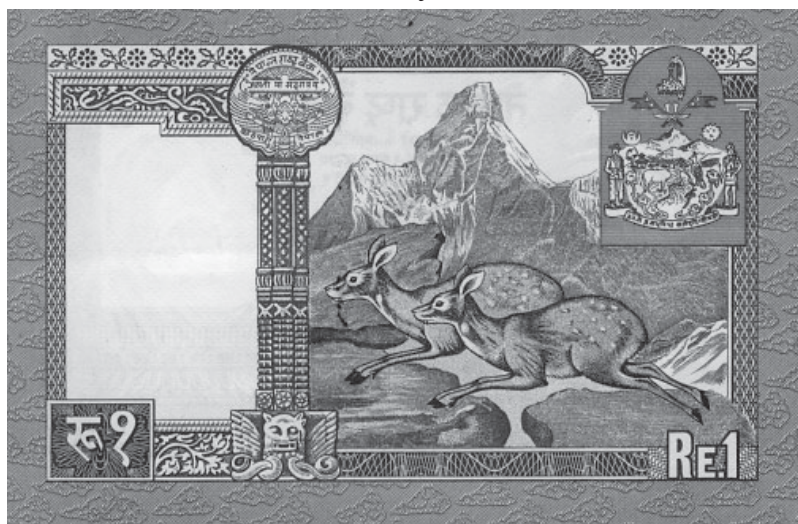
The next morning, I went to The Ministry of Home Affairs in Kathmandu to apply for my Trekking Permit. Basically, it is a formality, and it was ready the following day. Two passport-type photos and a small fee is all that is needed. In the rare event that someone should disappear in the mountains, there would be some record of where they went. I picked up my permit the following day; the route I had indicated would include: Jiri, Lukla, Namche, Thangboche, Everest Base Camp. Object of Journey: Sight Seeing.

In a guide book, I had read that it is wise to get a large amount of small change for a mountain trek in Nepal. At that time, the advice was to get at least \$50 (fifty dollars USA) changed into Nepalese one-rupee paper notes. Then the one-rupee notes were worth about 10 cents in American money. So I headed off in a three-wheeled scooter taxi to several banks, changing \$10 or \$20 at each bank. At the end, I had a stack of Nepalese money which seemed about five or six inches thick!

To Kathmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal



Indian one rupee note showing identification in some of India's major languages, including Hindi, English, Urdu, Bengali, Tamil, Gujarati, Marathi, Telegu, Bihari, Punjabi, Rajasthani, Kanarese, and Malayalam.



A Nepal one rupee note showing Mt. Ama Dablam.

I wrapped some big rubber bands around it, wrapped it in a big, red bandanna, and hid it in my backpack.

Next, I went to a knife bazaar and shopped around to find a good-quality Kukri, the traditional large, curved knife of Nepal. Many of the serious, adult men of Nepal carry a Kukri in their belt whenever they go on a journey in the mountains. I wasn't looking for trouble, but if something big and hairy knocked me down and started chewing on me, I was damned well going to defend myself. Also, just the sight of a Kukri in someone's belt who looks unafraid may prevent trouble with a potential thief. I had the knife sharpened and oiled, and put it in my pack, to carry later on my belt in the mountains. Also, I bought a sturdy hiking stick, as tall as my shoulder. That would be good for self-defense, also. Later, it may have saved my life.

Then I went to a variety of grocery stores and camping supply places. I stocked up on some basic supplies, including a large, resealable metal tin of peanut butter. My plan was to mostly eat meals of local food which can be bought along the trail at teahouses, cafes, and farmhouses. Instead of carrying a tent, I would arrange to sleep in a farmer's barn or at resthouses. And, I had been told I would be able to hire a good porter to help me carry half of my things, at the beginning of the trek at the villages called Lamosangu or Dholalghat.

At that time, the wage of 10 Nepalese Rupees a day, plus food, was considered a decent salary for a porter. At the exchange rate then, incredibly, that came to about one American dollar per day, plus food. At that time also, the average yearly cash income for a rural Nepalese farmer might only be from \$35 to \$50.

Also in Kathmandu, I stocked up more on Kodachrome and Ektachrome film for my 35mm Topcon Camera. Some of it was unused film, but still good, which trekkers or expeditions had sold before flying out of Kathmandu. Also, I had my well broken-in Vasque brand hiking boots, which were always comfortable, and my Eddie Bauer brand goose down KaraKoram minus 20 degree sleeping bag. I had used that bag a lot in Alaska, on hunting trips, and also when I climbed Mt. McKinley (Denali) only about a year and a half before. The McKinley climb was a 20-day trip. That bag had also been with me when I climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro in Tanzania.

A Basic Equipment List

That evening at my room at the Valley View Hotel, I assembled my things and packed my Kelty backpack. Besides my sleeping bag and hiking boots, I had a lightweight goose down jacket, spare shirts, pants, pyjamas, socks, bandanna, and underwear. Spare eyeglasses and sunglasses. Also, I had a toothbrush and toothpaste, comb, razor, soap, shampoo, rubber sandals (good to wear in some showers), and toilet paper (it is best to always carry some). Also a good-quality bath towel and a hand towel. My camera and film, wristwatch, pen and paper, walking stick, and Swiss Army knife. Next, a canteen, drinking mug, bowl, and spoon, fork, and knife kit. Also, my large Kukri knife, a small first aid kit, and a small flashlight with extra batteries and bulb. I also carried some water purification tablets (which, in my case, were not very effective). And, a deck of shaved playing cards from a magic store (for



*The author's Kelty backpack
which traveled with him
twice around the world.*

card tricks only; not gambling). Finally, I had a lightweight umbrella and a light rain poncho.

Even without a tent, freeze-dried food, a cookstove, binoculars, pots and pans, or some other things, my backpack still felt pretty heavy. I put anything non-essential into a duffel bag and carried it to the hotel's front desk,

where I arranged to leave it in a storage room until I returned. It is one thing to carry a backpack a short distance at an airport or train station, and it is a different thing to carry it on a mountain climb or a long walk in the mountains. I have done plenty of both. My pack still felt quite a bit too heavy (to carry for 120 miles or more), but I consoled myself with the thought that I would divide the weight with my porter. I wrote a letter home, sipped a little vodka, and went to sleep.

Early the next morning after breakfast, I was riding in a local bus, the only Westerner among a group of Nepalese villagers, headed eastward about 40 miles, or so, to village of Lamosangu, the beginning point for the 120 mile walk to Everest Base Camp. A few villagers aboard the bus spoke a little broken English; also, I could speak some simple, basic Hindi language which I had learned from a tutor in Afghanistan. Many

Nepalese I met spoke some Hindi. I never was a big smoker, but to be sociable, I was carrying two or three packs of Camel Filter cigarettes. As the curious villagers asked me questions, I passed out cigarettes to the nearby adults who wanted them.

Chomolongma: Goddess Mother of the World

For the Nepalese, American cigarettes were a novelty, and we were all smiling and puffing away. Like Clinton, I wasn't inhaling. The Nepalese asked me where I was going and when I told them, "Chomolongma" ("Goddess Mother of the World," the Tibetan name for Everest) their eyes became big. Some asked with hand gestures if I was going to the top? No, I indicated, just to the base. One man asked in Hindi, "*Aap Sagar Matha jaaega?*" "Are you going to Everest?" I told him yes, I was going to Everest. Another man said, "*Khumbu Himal?*" indicating the Khumbu Glacier which flows from Everest. "Yes," I told them. American? Yes. Alone? Yes.

Everyone puffed silently for a while, deep in thought. None of these villagers, it turned out, had ever walked that far eastward, all the way to the Everest region. They had heard countless stories about the area from Sherpas, porters, and other travelers: fantastic ice peaks, avalanches, rushing rivers of milk-white water, strange tribes and animals, and of course, the Yeti. They looked at me with mixed emotions, as if they thought I was either very brave or very foolish.

We talked some more and the villagers all recommended that I begin the trek from Dholalghat, rather



*The author en route to Everest Base Camp,
near the Khumbu Glacier.*

than Lamosangu. They said I would have a better chance of finding a good porter there. I took their advice and stayed on the bus for the short distance. The trail from both starting points converges after about one day's walk. From there, it is basically a single, dirt footpath all the way to Mt. Everest. At the time I walked it, there was not even one signpost or marker of any kind on the entire route!

Beginning the Trek

At Dholalghat, I retrieved my pack from the top of the bus, strapped my Kukri onto my belt, took my walking staff in hand, and was ready! I said farewell to the villagers, and gave each another cigarette. They smiled and nodded goodbye, pointing to the trail I should take. I thanked them and headed off. Right away, the trail went gradually up a hillside. The weather there was fairly warm and sunny that day, and my pack felt

uncomfortably heavy. As I had planned, I began asking local men who were walking in the same direction if they would like to work as a porter?

That was the advice I was told by several people in Kathmandu: "Oh yes, you can just hire a porter as you go along the trail." In retrospect, I might have waited in the village, sent out verbal enquiries, and interviewed several prospective ones before choosing. But, as it was, things worked out perfectly.

Within 10 minutes of walking, a sturdy gentleman in early middle age, approached from behind with an empty basket-type pack. He smiled and gave the "Namaste" greeting. He didn't speak any English, and I didn't speak any Nepali, but we both could speak some simple Hindi—at least a few dozen words, perhaps a couple of hundred words. Along with hand gestures, we did a pretty good job of communicating. We didn't talk any philosophy, but we got the important ideas across.

His name was Singhbhavadhur. He was a farmer who sometimes worked as a porter, carrying loads for hire. His home was near a small village called Jiri and he lived with his family there. He had just delivered a backpack load for a merchant and was walking back home. His traditional bamboo-basket type of Nepalese backpack was almost empty. The terms I offered sounded good to him: 10 rupees a day and I would pay for his food. We smiled and shook hands. Later, I had to explain that food did not include rice liquor and tobacco. He could buy those himself. We divided things from my pack and set off at a merry pace.

The path from there to the Everest region runs basically east and west; the dozens of river valleys run north and south from the Himalayas in the North. Thus, for

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most of the trek, you are walking into and out of river valleys. The farther you continue, the more spectacular the scenery. There are all sorts of bridges for the foot traffic across the many streams and rivers. A few, like the bridge across the Dudh Kosi River, which you may reach on the 10th or 12th day of walking, are modern and sturdy. Sir Edmund Hillary was the main force behind the building of the Dudh Kosi Bridge.

But many of the bridges on the trek are primitive, even dangerous. Some are not much more than a log about the size of a telephone pole, spanning a torrent of white water. I'm glad I went on the trek, and the advice I would give about bridges is to go slowly and take your time.



*My porter, Singhbhavadhur,
near the Dudh Kosi River,
Nepal.*

Singhbhavadhur and I each carried our own umbrella during the trek. There can always be a sudden, unexpected rain shower as clouds sweep into the valleys, and an umbrella is a kind of quick, mini-tent. You can pop it open and squat under it to wait out a short downpour. Or you might have the umbrella covering your head and pack as you walk for hours in a drizzling, misting rain.

Another umbrella use is to occasionally fend off leeches,

To Kathmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal

which in some forested areas will drop from the branches above when humans or animals walk under them. It is a lot more fun to have leeches bounce off an umbrella, than to have them on your skin. If a leech does get on your skin, using a cigarette lighter or putting some salt on it will usually get it to release.

The first day of walking, we stopped about sunset at a farmhouse and negotiated to buy dinner and to sleep in the hay barn. We had a typical meal of rice, lentils, a few vegetables, and some tea with milk and sugar. Later, in the Dudh Kosi river valley, closer to Everest, we were able to buy baked potatoes with butter and salt. That was a welcome change! Also, sometimes we found places which baked a kind of local flat bread which was good with the peanut butter I carried. Some people in Nepal, India, and so on, get freaked out by peanut butter! They can't imagine what kind of food it is.

The trek settled into a regular routine. Every morning, we would get up in the twilight, before the sun came over the mountains. We would get dressed, roll up our sleeping bags, and pack. Then a hot cup of tea from a farm kitchen, a piece of bread and fruit, paying for the breakfast, and back onto the trail, walking. We walked basically all day long, every day, from before sunrise until after sunset. We took rest stops whenever either of us needed to, and we stopped sometimes for a tea break, or to eat lunch. I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, and took a lot of pictures.

Some Close Calls

After a few days of walking, we thought one evening that we might camp out instead of staying in a hay loft.

It was close to sunset, and we were in one of what seemed like an endless number of valleys on the trek eastward. But this narrow valley was particularly beautiful and below the footbridge, near the stream, was a broad, sandy area. It looked perfect for camping, and no one else was in the area.

The sky there was clear and starry; we spread out our bedrolls and put up a makeshift tarp as a canopy. After cooking dinner on a fire made from driftwood, we were about to get ready for bed. Then a Sherpa woman came on a trail from the north and crossed the footbridge. She spoke excitedly with my porter, and gestured repeatedly northward, to the mountains. Then she walked westward on the main trail, toward higher ground.

Using the only language we both understood, Hindi, Singhbhavadhur explained, pointing to the high mountains to the north, "*Bahot, bahot paani vaarhsta!*" Meaning, "Lots and lots of rain has fallen!," indicating in the high mountains. "*Enja bahot khaternock hay!*" Meaning "Here it is very dangerous!" I looked at the clear, starry sky above and also I looked to the far north where thick clouds and fog covered the distant mountains. Reluctantly, I agreed. If the Sherpa woman had not come by, I would have been sound asleep in a few minutes.

We moved camp quickly, carrying things up and crossing the footbridge to the east side. Among the bushes and trees, perhaps 15 or 20 feet higher than the bridge, we set up our new camp. The mosquitoes were plentiful there, and I went to sleep thinking wistfully about how pleasant it had been in the other location.

A persistent, roaring sound gradually woke me from a deep sleep. It was perhaps 1 or 2 A.M. There was a bright moon, illuminating the bushy hillside well. It

seemed surreal; the sound was like a rushing train nearby. But there are no trains in Nepal! Completely baffled, I put on my glasses, stood up, and began to walk around barefoot. Then I looked toward the footbridge. The entire floor of the narrow ravine was a raging torrent of churning, white water! The water was only a few inches away from touching the wooden floorboards of the bridge! Our former campsite was under perhaps 10 feet, or more, of raging water. If we had been asleep there, the wall of water would have smashed us against the huge boulders downstream. My porter and I just stared and were silent.

The following day, I began to feel very nauseous. Anything I drank or ate, before long I vomited up. The convulsions were sometimes like dry heaves. I had a terrible headache, also, and what felt like a high fever. My porter and I had been sometimes drinking water directly from the clear, mountain streams. The water looked wonderful and it was icy cold, but, amoebae or some other contaminant must have been in the water somewhere. Soon, I had a severe case of amoebic dysentery. I took some basic medicines which I carried in my first aid kit. But nothing I had seemed to assuage my suffering.

For three days of walking, the illness continued. I kept vomiting up anything and everything: water, hot tea, milk, food. Anything I swallowed, I soon had to vomit up. I could barely walk anymore. My porter became very worried and told me he had seen people die in my condition. I agreed with him and asked what could be done? We were in a very remote, isolated area, with no hospitals or doctors. Or telephones. I began to wonder if I would die there?

A Tibetan Healer Saves My Life

About then, some villagers approached and asked about my condition. I was lying on the ground, beside the trail, pale and obviously sick. They felt my feverish brow, and told my porter about a nearby Tibetan man who is a healer. They said he is a specialist in traditional, Tibetan-type folk medicine, and he is a skilled healer. They said he lives perhaps about two miles north of the main trail, in a forest, near a tiny village called Thodung. They also said that at Thodung there is a small cheese factory, built by the Swiss, which makes yak milk into cheese.

It was nearing sunset, and my porter and I both felt it was an emergency that I must get medical help immediately. I was in bad shape and getting worse! We set off on the trail uphill to the north, to Thodung. I had



*Sherpas on the Khumbu Glacier, Nepal,
approaching Everest Base Camp.*

become very dizzy and even more nauseous; I hobbled along, but often stumbled and fell down. Although Singhbhadhur is a small man, he valiantly tried to help me walk by putting my arm over his shoulders. Soon, darkness fell as we struggled uphill through a forest of pine trees. We had seen no one else on the trail. I could barely stand up. Even sitting on the ground, I felt I was about to pass out.

My porter advised me to stay there and rest. He said he would go ahead, find the Tibetan doctor, and return with help. I agreed and gave him the flashlight from my pack. He grimly took it and set off. I sat alone in the gathering darkness, on the ground. My head was throbbing and spinning with fever and I was very nauseous. I laid on the ground and didn't think to look at my watch. By now, night had fallen and the forest was completely dark. I went unconscious.

I woke up and did not know if it was minutes later, or several hours later. A heavy fog filled the dark forest, and the moonlight filtered down, giving an eerie effect. For a startled moment, I wondered if I was already dead? No, not yet. Then for the first time, I seriously considered the possibility of dying there. I prayed and came to peace with the situation, whatever the outcome. Could my porter be lost?

Finally, in the distance, I could hear a voice yelling, "Sahib! Sahib!" I yelled back, hoarsely, and kept yelling. After a few minutes, I was thrilled to see Singhbhadhur and the Tibetan doctor, approaching through the fog. The Tibetan man looked very robust and healthy, perhaps in his 30's, wearing blue jeans and a plaid shirt. Somehow, his wholesome look reminded me of a Tibetan version of John Denver. They got on

either side of me and took my arms over their shoulders. I tried to stand and walk.

After 10 or 15 minutes on the trail, we turned off and came to a log cabin type of house with candles and kerosene lamps in the windows. A cheerful fire burned in the fireplace, and numerous children looked out the windows. This was the Tibetan doctor's home. They parked me outside briefly on a wooden bench, while they dashed inside for something. I suddenly had to vomit. Standing, I took a few steps, lost my balance, and fell on the ground. The doctor cleaned me off with a towel and gave me a small cup of a warm liquid to drink right away.

They helped me walk inside the house and sit down for a checkover. Then the doctor gave me pills and more warm liquids, including warm yak milk. Next, I was escorted to a nearby building with several small rooms and helped into a bed. The doctor spoke a little English and told me to sleep. I did so right away.

Mt. Gauri Shankar

In the morning, my headache was mostly gone, and although still weak, I felt much better. The sky had cleared also, and when I opened the door to look outside, I saw Gauri Shankar, a magnificent Himalayan peak just nearby in the north. Right then, the Tibetan doctor's wife appeared with a tray of breakfast and steaming hot tea. Soon, the doctor came with a cup of warm liquid medicine and some pills. He examined me and said I would be well enough to travel after two or three days. Also, he remarked that without medical treatment, I probably would have died in one day or so.



*Mt. Gauri Shankar as seen from Thodung, Nepal,
on the trail to Everest Base Camp.*

I agreed heartily with him. He told me that he had seen young foreigners die before from diseases or accidents on the trail to Everest. He said I was lucky.

That afternoon, the doctor brought more medicine and said that if I felt like walking a short distance, just nearby was a Tibetan Buddhist Temple. He said the monks would be chanting and having a ceremony. He told me I would be welcome to visit, and I could ask a blessing for the remainder of my journey. My porter said he wanted to go also, and the doctor gave us each a white scarf to present to the chief monk. The doctor showed us the trail and we headed off through the pine forest.

A cool fog swept in from the north as we walked. It felt great to not be carrying a backpack! We soon came to the Tibetan building where the monks seemed to be expecting us. Inside, the monks sat in rows on the wooden

floors, chanting and beating drums. A sweet-smelling incense filled the air, and the chief monk sat on a slightly raised platform. No other Westerners were there. My porter gave me the cue to come with him and present the white scarves. In return, the chief monk gave a white scarf to both of us and said a blessing for our journey. We thanked him and left. I was moved by the experience.

During the next day of recuperation, I had asked the doctor about the Swiss-built yak cheese factory at Thodung. He arranged for my porter and me to visit. That afternoon, again in the cool fog, we walked a few minutes and were at the factory. It was small, the size of a medium-house, and looked pretty clean. The most memorable thing for me were several huge, reddish-orange colored metal bowls. They looked like hand-beaten copper and were about four feet in diameter. They were inset into the tables. Large containers of fresh yak milk were poured into the bowls. We tried the yak cheese and it was very tasty!

After three days of healing and rest, the doctor told me I could continue my journey. That morning I paid the balance to the doctor and thanked him for saving my life. My porter and I packed our things and set off again on the trail going eastward. For the rest of the trip, the doctor advised me to only drink water which had been boiled for at least 20 minutes. I followed his advice.

A few days later, another unforgettable event happened. My porter and I had stopped to drink tea one afternoon in a small village along the trail. We were in a drab-looking wooden teahouse with a few local customers. Although I'm normally very careful, I was tired and accidentally dropped my five-inch thick bundle of one-rupee notes as I reached into my backpack. The red

bandanna around the bundle came completely off, and the huge wad of money, held together by several thick, rubber bands, lay at my feet on the floor.

In American money, it was only about \$50 cash, but in rural Nepal, where small farmers might have about \$35 cash income a year, it was a staggering amount! One man dropped his fork! I looked around, and the few people in the room were all staring, with their mouths open! Quickly, I picked up the bundle, wrapped my bandanna around it, and put it back in my pack. My porter and I swallowed our tea down, I paid from my wallet, and we left.

Looking back over our shoulders, we saw three menacing-looking men in dirty clothes, staring at us from the doorway. Shortly after, my porter whispered to me that the “three bad men” will follow us and try to kill us to steal the money. In that remote area, there were no police, no telephones. We both had the same idea: it was nearly sunset, we walked very fast and used a leafy branch to obscure our tracks. Then at a place where no one was in sight in either direction, we jumped off the trail into one of the countless, brushy ravines downhill from the trail.

We hid in the brush and trees, and watched as three men with a kerosene lantern clumsily looked for tracks. We stayed in the ravine that night, had no further trouble, and resumed our walk the next morning.

A River of Milk

On about the 10th day of walking, we came to the famous “Dudh Kosi,” or, “River of Milk.” The name of the river comes from the fact that glaciers feed the river,

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and the glacial water carries large amounts of pulverized stone. There is so much white-colored powdered stone in the water that it looks like milk! The sturdy, metal and wood footbridge across the Dudh Kosi was sponsored by Sir Edmund Hillary, the first conqueror of Mt. Everest. After crossing the bridge, the trail turns basically due north and the scenery starts to become fantastic!

Some sections of the trail were like stone steps which descended or ascended for what seemed like incredible distances. Sometimes there were beautiful waterfalls near the trail or just across the valley, which is narrow in places. We began seeing yaks, the huge, shaggy high-altitude oxen for the first time. Also, we were seeing many more Sherpa porters on the trail, both coming and going. They were usually cheerful and smiling. The trek was becoming more and more interesting as we got closer to Everest.



Trekkers approaching the Khumbu Glacier en route to Everest Base Camp. White mountain in center is Pumo Ri.

We passed below the Lukla airstrip, which is situated on the slopes of the eastern side of the valley. Many expeditions and visitors fly into the Lukla airstrip and begin from there. From Lukla, it is only a few hours walk into the big village of Namche Bazaar, and perhaps two days of further walking to Everest Base Camp. My plan was to fly out of Lukla after going to Everest Base Camp. The flights from Lukla go directly to Kathmandu.

Soon after passing near Lukla, my porter and I began meeting Sherpas who said they had just come from Namche Bazaar. That was about the 12th day of walking. Excitedly, we picked up our pace! Namche has hotels, of sorts, with hot showers. Also, we had heard that beer is available, among other such things as Coca Cola, ice cream, candy bars, and so forth. My porter and I were having a friendly walking contest!

A dense, cool fog crept down from the mountain heights as we walked uphill for the last stretch into Namche. Several times, large yaks with long, reddish-brown fur were led past by their owners. Finally, we crossed a high footbridge and realized we had arrived at Namche, in the heavy fog. After so many days of walking in remote country, it felt like we had arrived in New York City!

The International Footrest

Right away we located a place to stay which I had heard about, called "The International Footrest." It is a hotel, sort of, which has only one big room, instead of private rooms. The big room has wide, wooden stair-step type levels which ascend upwards from the center

of the room. In the center of the room is a circular fireplace with a funnel-like copper chimney going straight up into the ceiling. At the level of the highest wooden ledges, there are windows on three sides of the big room. Guests simply unroll their sleeping bag and foam pad and sleep on one of the giant wooden steps. The story was that a visiting French mountain climber who is an architect designed the room. Across a hallway is a kitchen where people can buy food and there are bathrooms with showers.

After a hot shower, I was ready to walk around a little in the fog. I left my porter at the hotel, talking with a pretty Sherpa girl who worked in the kitchen. It was novel to be in a village of a few hundred people and not see any cars. Simply because, there are no roads or highways leading into Namche Bazaar. Also, at that time, I didn't see any bicycles, televisions, or telephones! And, at night, there were no electric lights, only kerosene or gas lanterns, or candles. All in all, the people I met seemed happy with their slow-paced, simple way of life. I found a store where I bought a couple of bottles of beer and took them to the hotel.

I awoke at sunrise the next morning and saw through the windows that the sky was now brilliantly clear and sunny. I rolled over in my sleeping bag, where I was sleeping on the top wooden ledge, beside a window. As I looked out the window, I gasped with amazement at the dramatic mountain scenery! Some of the spectacular peaks I saw from the window are called the Kwangde Peaks.

After breakfast, my porter Singhbhavadhur told me he was homesick to return to his village of Jiri. I

understood completely and paid him his money: a crisp 100 Rupee note and two 10 Rupee notes. He widened his eyes at the sight of so much cash money, thanked me, folded the money carefully, and put it into a pouch under his shirt. Then we walked to a nearby shop where I bought him tennis shoes and a pair of socks as a bonus. He smiled, thanked me, and placed his palms together in farewell. Then he handed me his own walking stick as a gift, and he was gone.

To Thangboche Monastery and Ama Dablam

Before continuing my trek, I decided to take my camera and look around Namche Bazaar a little, especially since the bright sunlight would be so good for taking pictures. Specifically, I wanted to visit a nearby place called The Everest View Hotel. So I walked just uphill from Namche passing a place called the Shyangboche air strip. Some of the visitors to The Everest View Hotel take a flight from Kathmandu to the Shyangboche air strip and depart the same way. The airstrip is at around 14,000 feet elevation. At the time I was there, the story was that only one pilot in Nepal was willing to fly into that airstrip.

I took the trail toward the hotel and coming around a bend, I was attacked by a large dog. The dog was a German Shepherd type and was with a Sherpa woman. She called to stop the dog, but had no leash or collar. The dog ignored her, and was charging at me full tilt, with its fangs bared. Just to my right was an almost sheer drop-off to the huge rocks in the river, far below. I could

easily visualize myself going over the edge, with the vicious dog attached to some tender part of my anatomy! To protect myself, I used my walking stick as a club, and hit the dog very soundly on top of the head as it flew toward me. That stopped the attack. The dog responded then to the Sherpa woman, and they both walked past me. I love dogs, but I had been walking many days and was feeling strong and self-reliant, and I was not in the mood to take any crap!

Next, I heard a galloping horse approaching from the direction of the hotel! To my amazement, an Oriental man dressed like a Mongolian tribesman appeared suddenly, riding a white horse! They stopped a few feet away and looked at me. Who could this be? I thought. And does he speak English? I put my palms together in front of my chest and said the "Namaste" greeting. He smiled, did the same, and then said in perfect English, "Where are you going?" I told him I was going to visit The Everest View Hotel. He replied that he is the manager of the hotel, and he is from Japan. He waved and rode off.

I soon came to the Hotel and was favorably impressed with how it looks. Contrary to some of the publicity I had heard, the Everest View Hotel is a modest and tastefully designed building. It was built by a Japanese company and is located high up on the western flank of the Dudh Kosi River Valley. The building is made of beautiful, white stones; it is a one-story building with only 10 guest rooms. Each room has a clear view of Mt. Everest. From that angle, the summit of Everest is jutting above the Nuptse-Lhotse Wall, several miles away to the north of the hotel.

I admired the tasteful landscaping around the hotel, also. There are beautiful shrubs, trees, and lawns which give a Zen-like serenity to the setting. Also, from the hotel there is a spectacular view across the valley eastward to a mountain called Ama Dablam and the majestic Thangboche Monastery below it. "*Ama Dablam*" means "Mother's Jewel Box," the name comes from a huge, blue ice cornice which juts outward just below the spire-like summit of the mountain. Some people consider Ama Dablam to be the most beautiful mountain in the world. I would give it my vote, also.

I went inside the Everest View Hotel and ordered a cup of hot tea. Sitting in the restaurant area, I relaxed and just soaked in the gorgeous mountain scenery, including Everest. The lofty, spectacular setting reminded me of Valhalla. I think I was the only young do-it-yourself trekker right then visiting in the hotel. I think I looked tan, trim, and very outdoorsy. The other guests looked like they had flown into the nearby airstrip and would fly out, also. That was fine with me; why can't everyone enjoy seeing the mountains? Also, I was told there is an oxygen tank in every guest room, in case anyone needs to breathe some pure oxygen.

It was still only mid-morning, so I walked back to Namche Bazaar, checked out of The International Footrest, and shouldered my Kelty Pack. My load was much lighter now, than at the beginning of the trek. And somehow, I felt exhilarated to know that in several days I would reach Everest Base Camp, and along the way would be awesome scenery. And not many days after that, I would be flying out of the Lukla airstrip and returning to the comforts of Kathmandu. Life can be good!

It was early November, and the weather that day was still sunny, cool, and pleasant. That stretch of the trail is marvelous scenery, going toward Thangboche Monastery. I walked steadily, savoring it all, and taking plenty of pictures. Later, when I almost reached the Monastery, cool clouds of dense fog began sweeping in from the north. A cold, whipping rain, began falling, with strong gusts of wind. I quickly placed some devotional objects which Singhbhavadhur asked me to do, at the Monastery's chorten. One of the objects was a small, metal trident of Shiva.

Inside the Monastery, a monk cheerfully brought me a mug of hot tea, and I sat resting on the wooden floors. Soon, a group of Mountain Travel trekkers arrived, not in the most cheerful spirits, and took shelter from the rain. Outside, their porters set up their tents, and prepared camp for the evening. I negotiated with the monks to buy a meal and stay in a guest room.

The next morning I left Thangboche Monastery and continued on the trail. Later I crossed another bridge across the Dudh Kosi, and soon I saw the glacial moraines of the Khumbu Glacier. The Khumbu is the glacier on which Everest Base Camp is located. Sometimes, I stopped at some Sherpa's stone hut which had a Cafe sign, to buy a cup of tea. Amazingly, they often build a fire on the dirt floor with no chimney! This fills the entire hut with very dense smoke. The people lie on the floor, finding clearer air within a few inches of the ground. I tried it, but preferred staying outside.

I camped in a borrowed canvas tent near a stone hut beside the Khumbu glacier. The altitude was probably 16,000 feet or higher. I had slept that high before, in an

ice cave at 17,200 feet, when I climbed Mt. McKinley (Denali, 20,320 feet) in Alaska. But it was no picnic. And, climbing Kilimanjaro (19,340 feet) was also a high altitude ascent. Still, it was a fitful, restless night's sleep in the thin, icy air.

To Everest Base Camp and Lukla Airstrip

The next morning I got started at daylight. The sky was clear and at that elevation, a very dark blue, almost a purplish color. The trail clung to the left side of the glacier, winding among huge, rounded boulders. Scattered Sherpas and yaks were carrying supplies for a Polish expedition climbing Lhotse. I was also told that an expedition from Spain had just climbed Everest, and I found a freshly carved tombstone for one of the climbers. The name Dinode Riso was carved into one of the large, white boulders, along with a Christian cross.

After several more hours, I reached a small, turquoise-colored lake at a place called Gorak Shep. A short distance farther, and I reached Everest Base Camp. The Polish Expedition had their tents set up there. I soon walked back to Gorak Shep and the small lake which some people call the Yak Lake. Immediately beside the Yak Lake, to the west, is a small mountain called Kala Pattar, meaning Black Rock. The summit is at about 18,200 feet. The base near the Yak Lake is at about 17,000 feet. It is shaped like a black cinder cone. Many of the famous, classic photographs of Everest are taken from the summit of Kala Pattar. That's where I went.

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Ray Genet holds Marlene Titus in a playful moment on Mt. McKinley, Alaska. Genet's body now rests eternally at 28,000 feet on Mt. Everest.

It was a fairly easy walk-up to the top of Kala Pattar. The view of Everest and the surrounding peaks is stupendous! Just incredible and fabulously beautiful! With the self-timer on my Topcon 35mm camera, I took

photos of myself with Everest in the background. I stayed up there about one hour, just enjoying the tremendous view and the perfect, sunny clear weather. An amazing place!

A couple of days later, I camped for the night at the Lukla airstrip, high on the eastern slope of the Dudh Kosi valley. The next morning was sunny, calm, and cool. Green grass still carpeted the airstrip, but the promise of approaching winter was in the air. It was almost the middle of November. At one of the wooden huts at Lukla, I bought a ticket for the flight to Kathmandu. There were a handful of other passengers, mostly trekkers, and some Nepalese people.

A Hasty Take-Off from Lukla

When I enquired, I was told that the aircraft is a Pilatus Porter; I remembered seeing some of them in Alaska. They are known for short take-offs and landings; they have a distinctive tail which points straight up. As we sat waiting for the plane to arrive, I rummaged through my pack, looking for things I didn't really need. Some local children were waiting politely nearby. I took out my large tin of peanut butter, which was still half-full. One of the children expressed interest, and I gave it to him. He smiled, and I gave granola bars to the other children. They giggled.

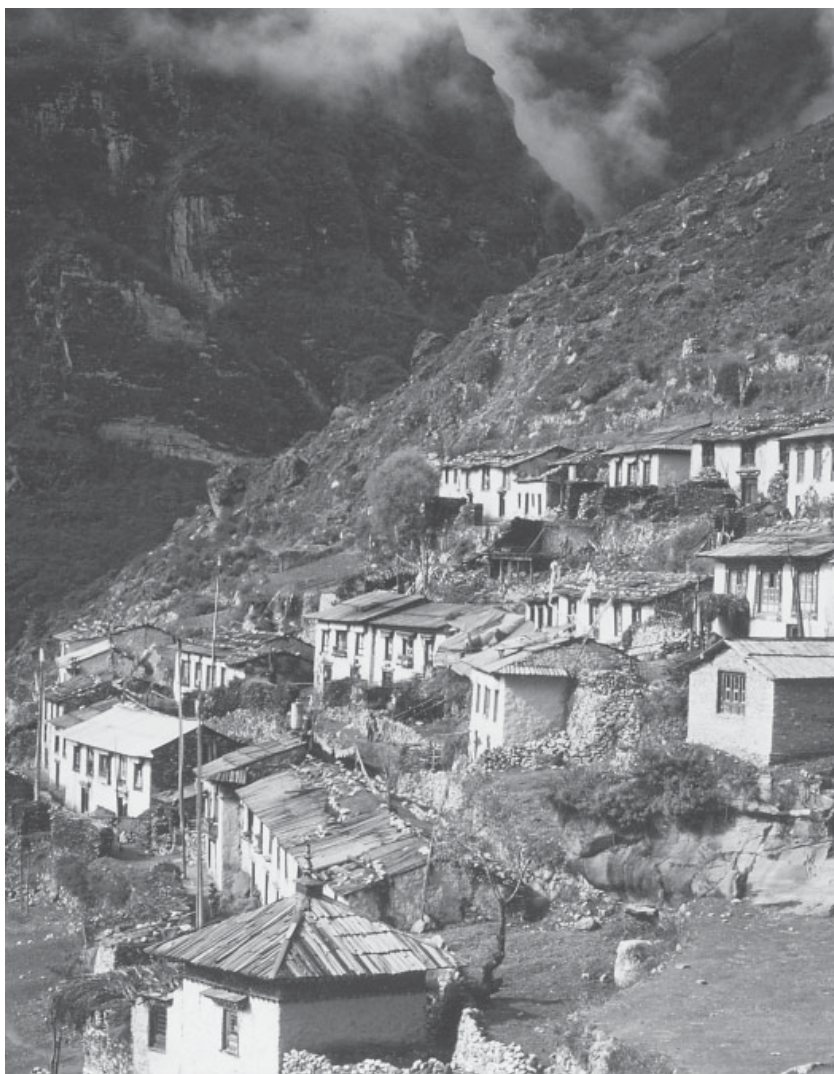
Suddenly, we heard a roaring sound and turned to look down the sloping, grassy airstrip. The Pilatus Porter was flying up from the valley. Some clouds were already sweeping into the valley from the mountains to the north. Many of the children from other huts were

racing out to chase grazing yaks from the grassy airstrip. The plane came up the slope swiftly, pivoted, and stopped smartly. The engines were throttled back, but left running. Doors were quickly opened, and passengers and cargo rapidly came out. Several passengers, including myself, swiftly loaded aboard, the two pilots readied the controls, the one stewardess checked our seatbelts, and we began takeoff. Some clouds were already approaching the bottom of the runway.

Barreling down the grassy slope at breakneck speed, we gasped as we watched several huge, shaggy yaks scramble out of the plane's path. The children chasing them scattered, also, and coming up swiftly was the sheer drop-off at the end of the strip. The cliff dropped all the way down to the river, far below. The clouds also, can come in and cover the airstrip at any time, making take-off impossible. A short distance before reaching the drop-off, the aircraft lifted powerfully into the air and soared into the valley. Soon, we rose high above the clouds, and headed westward toward Kathmandu. The great ice peaks of the Himalayas pierced the cloud cover, like glistening jewels, and made the view incredible! We took pictures and marveled at what we saw.

That was the most interesting airplane take-off I have ever been on! The view on the way back of the Himalayan peaks was unforgettable. Before many days, I would be back in India, learning more about Jesus' lost years.

To Kathmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal



Namche Bazaar, Nepal



CHAPTER 9

Traditions about the Teenage Years of Jesus: Puri, Cuttack, and the Jagganath Temple

All great ideas begin as heresies.

—George Bernard Shaw

After arriving safely back at Kathmandu, Nepal, I recovered my strength for a few days. For a while, it seemed like I was constantly hungry, even eating five or six times a day. One unusual place I remember going was called Vishnu's Pie and Chai Palace. It was one of

several places in Kathmandu which specializes in selling slices of pies or cakes, served with hot tea or coffee. In a few days, I felt well again and began my return trip back to Afghanistan, first taking a flight back to Varanasi, India.

At Varanasi, also called by the ancient name, Benares, I met with several Hindu scholars and a Buddhist priest. We discussed the traditions and folklore, both written and carried on by the spoken word, that Jesus as a teenager had lived in India. Interestingly, many of the traditions we discussed were focused on the eastern India state of Orissa. Two locations which are frequently mentioned are the cities of Puri and Cuttack. Interestingly also, the same locations are noted in Levi Dowling's classic book concerning Jesus in India called *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ*. Dowling was a Civil War chaplain in the Union Army who obtained information from the Akashic Records to write his book.

Some traditions state, like Dowling's book, that a Prince from the eastern India state of Orissa, traveled numerous times with his entourage to visit ancient Judea, and such a Prince became the sponsor of young Jesus. Other traditions, such as those of the Nath Yogis, state that Jesus ran away from home at the age of 13 and joined a caravan of merchants going to India. He reportedly was 14 years old when he arrived in the land of the Five Rivers (Punjab) in northern Sindh. He then went to the Jagganath Temple in Orissa, where he was a student for six years. According to the legend: "He spent six years in Jagannath, Rajagriha, Benares, and other holy cities."

At the Feast of the Passover

The *Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ* states that during the Feast of the Passover, when Jesus (Immanuel) was 12 years old, Prince Ravanna and his entourage were in Jerusalem. When Mary and Joseph missed their son and began looking for him, to their amazement, they found him in a learned conversation with the Jewish High Priests. One of these priests may have been the famous scholar, Rabbi Hillel. Young Jesus was making remarkably wise and insightful answers to the Jewish priests' most difficult questions about spiritual matters. Prince Ravanna was watching and listening, also.

Prince Ravanna was greatly impressed with young Jesus, and discussed the subject with his royal advisers. Thereafter, Ravanna and his entourage made the journey to Nazareth to meet Joseph, Mary, young Jesus, and the rest of the family. The proposal which Ravanna made to Joseph and Mary was to become the patron, or sponsor, for young Jesus to travel with his group and become a visiting scholar in India. Jesus was very enthusiastic about the offer and after some days of consideration, Joseph and Mary finally gave their consent.

The royal entourage went by camel caravan to return overland to India. In India, Jesus was accepted as a student at the Jagannath Temple, where he studied the Vedas and the teachings of the Hindu religion. According to the traditions, most of Jesus' teenage years were spent at Cuttack, Puri, and Benares. At Benares, Jesus studied the Hindu art of healing.

The traditions state that Jesus believed in and taught the concept of reincarnation, but not that of transmigration. That is, that human souls incarnate again and again

into human bodies, but not into the bodies of animals. Also, Jesus often spoke against the caste system, proclaiming that human equality should be practiced instead. Several times, angry mobs tried to hurt Jesus, but he was always able to escape.

Folklore says that sometime during the teenage years of Jesus, he was notified that his surrogate father, Joseph had died. This notification was by a letter from his mother, Mary, which Jesus replied to.

Finally, the popularity of Jesus' teachings against the caste system and the Hindu priests reached a critical point. The priests hired a murderer to kill Jesus, but he was warned and escaped from Benares to the north, to Nepal. There, at the city of Kapilavastu, he was welcomed by Buddhist priests to live and study with them.

The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ further states that Jesus visited Lhasa in Tibet. There, he studied at a monastery, perhaps the Marbour Monastery, with the great sage and teacher Meng-ste (also called Mencius by the Greeks). Later, Jesus traveled across Tibet to the Ladakh city of Leh, in what is now northwestern India. There, Jesus spent a number of weeks visiting the Hemis Monastery (as discussed in Chapter 3 of this book). After leaving Hemis, Jesus visited Srinagar, and later, Lahore, in what is today Pakistan. From there, he joined a caravan traveling westward, toward Israel.

Very Ancient Memoirs

Concerning Lhasa and other events, in *The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ* by Nicolas Notovitch, first published in 1894 in France, Notovitch says: "In the course of one

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of my visits to a Buddhist convent, I learned from the chief Lama that there existed very ancient memoirs, treating of the life of Christ and of the nations of the Occident, in the archives of Lassa, and that a few of the larger monasteries possessed copies and translations of these chronicles."

He continues: "During my sojourn in Leh, the capital of Ladak, I visited Himis, a large convent in the outskirts of the city, where I was informed by the Lama that the monastic libraries contained a few copies of the manuscript in question." Later, he relates: "An unfortunate accident, whereby my leg was fractured, furnished me with a totally unexpected pretext to enter the monastery, where I received excellent care and nursing; and I took advantage of my short stay among these monks to obtain the privilege of seeing the manuscripts relating to Christ. With the aid of my interpreter, who translated from the Thibetan tongue, I carefully transcribed the verses as they were read by the Lama."

Notovitch continues: "Entertaining no doubt of the authenticity of this narrative, written with the utmost precision by Brahmin historians and Buddhists of India and Nepal, my intention was to publish the translation on my return to Europe."

Later, in Rome, when Notovitch showed the manuscript to a cardinal who was close to the Pope, the cardinal replied: "Why should you print this? Nobody will attach much importance to it, and you will create numberless enemies thereby."

The following is a condensed version of the manuscript first published in 1894 by Nicolas Notovitch in "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ." The manuscript

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is entitled: *The Life of Saint Issa, The Best of the Sons of Men.*

1

1. The earth has trembled and the heavens have wept, because of the great crime just committed in the land of Israel.
2. For they have put to torture and executed the great just Issa, in whom dwelt the spirit of the world.
3. Which was incarnated in a simple mortal, that men might be benefited and evil thoughts exterminated thereby.
4. And that it might bring back to life of peace, of love and happiness, man degraded by sin, and recall to him the only and indivisible Creator whose mercy is boundless and infinite.
5. This is what is related on this subject by the merchants who have come from Israel.

IV

1. And now the time had come, which the Supreme Judge, in his boundless clemency, had chosen to incarnate himself in a human being.
2. And the Eternal Spirit, which dwelt in a state of complete inertness and supreme beatitude, awakened and detached itself from the Eternal Being for an indefinite period.
3. In order to indicate, in assuming the human form, the means of identifying ourselves with the Divinity and of attaining eternal felicity.
4. And to teach us, by his example, how we may reach a state of moral purity and separate the soul from its

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gross envelope, that it may attain the perfection necessary to enter the Kingdom of Heaven which is immutable and where eternal happiness reigns.

5. Soon after, a wonderful child was born in the land of Israel; God himself, through the mouth of this child, spoke of the nothingness of the body and of the grandeur of the soul.
6. The parents of this new-born child were poor people, belonging by birth to a family of exalted piety, which disregarded its former worldly greatness to magnify the name of the Creator and thank him for the misfortunes with which he was pleased to try them.
7. To reward them for their perseverance in the path of truth, God blessed the first-born of this family; he chose him as his elect, and sent him forth to raise those that had fallen into evil, and to heal them that suffered.
8. The divine child, to whom was given the name of Issa, commenced even in his most tender years to speak of the one and indivisible God, exhorting the people that had strayed from the path of righteousness to repent and purify themselves of the sins they had committed.
9. People came from all parts to listen and marvel at the words of wisdom that fell from his infant lips; all the Israelites united in proclaiming that the Eternal Spirit dwelt within this child.
10. When Issa had attained the age of thirteen, when an Israelite should take a wife,
11. The house in which his parents dwelt and earned their livelihood in modest labor, became a meeting place for the rich and noble, who desired to gain for a son-in-law the young Issa, already celebrated for his edifying discourses in the name of the Almighty.

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12. It was then that Issa clandestinely left his father's house, went out of Jerusalem, and, in company with some merchants, traveled toward Sind.
13. That he might perfect himself in the divine word and study the laws of the great Buddhas.

V

1. In the course of his fourteenth year, young Issa, blessed by God, journeyed beyond the Sind and settled among the Aryans in the beloved country of God.
2. The fame of his name spread along the Northern Sindh. When he passed he passed through the country of the five rivers and the Radjipoutan, the worshippers of the God Djaine begged him to remain in their midst.
3. But he left the misguided admirers of Djaine and visited Juggernaut, in the province of Orsis, where the remains of Viassa-Krichna rest, and where he received a joyous welcome from the white priests of Brahma.
4. They taught him to read and understand the Vedas, to heal by prayer, to teach and explain the Holy Scripture, to cast out evil spirits from the body of man and give him back human semblance.
5. He spent six years in Juggernaut, Rajegriha, Benares, and the other holy cities; all loved him, for Issa lived in peace with the Vaisyas and the Soudras, to whom he taught the Holy Scripture.
6. But the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas declared the Great Para-Brahma forbade them to approach those whom he had created from his entrails and from his feet.

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7. That the Vaisyas were authorized to listen only to the reading of the Vedas, and that never save on feast days.
8. That the Soudras were not only forbidden to attend the reading of the Vedas, but to gaze upon them even, for their condition was to perpetually serve and act as slaves to the Brahmans, the Kshatriyas, and even to the Vaisyas.
9. "Death alone can free them from servitude," said Para-Brahma. "Leave them, therefore, and worship with us the gods who will show their anger against you if you disobey them."
10. But Issa would not heed them; and going to the Soudras, preached against the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas.
11. He strongly denounced the men who robbed their fellow-beings of their rights as men saying: "God the Father establishes no difference between his children, who are all equally dear to him."
12. Issa denied the divine origin of the Vedas and the Pouranas, declaring to his followers that one law had been given to men to guide them in their actions.
13. "Fear thy God, bow down the knee before Him only, and to Him only must thy offerings be made."
14. Issa denied the Trimourti and the incarnation of Para-Brahma in Vishnou, Siva, and other gods, saying:
15. "The Eternal Judge, the Eternal Spirit, composes the one and indivisible soul of the universe, which alone creates, contains, and animates the whole."
16. "He alone has willed and created, he alone has existed from eternity and will exist without end; he has no equal neither in the heavens nor on this earth."

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17. "The Great Creator shares his power with no one, still less with inanimate objects as you have been taught, for he alone possesses supreme power."
18. "He willed it, and the world appeared; by one divine thought, he united the waters and separated them from the dry portion of the globe. He is the cause of the mysterious life of man, in whom he has breathed a part of his being."

VI

1. The white priests and the warriors becoming cognizant of the discourse addressed by Issa to the Soudras, resolved upon his death and sent their servants for this purpose in search of the young prophet.
2. But Issa, warned of this danger by the Soudras, fled in the night from Juggernaut, gained the mountains, and took refuge in the Gothamide Country, the birth-place of the great Buddha Sakya-Mouni, among the people who admired the only and sublime Brahma.
3. Having perfectly learned the Pali tongue, the just Issa applied himself to the study of the sacred rolls of Soutras.
4. Six years later, Issa, whom the Buddha had chosen to spread his holy word, could perfectly explain the sacred rolls.
5. He then left Nepal and the Himalayan Mountains, descended into the valley of Rajipoutan and went westward, preaching to divers people of the supreme perfection of man,
6. And of the good we must do unto others, which is the surest means of quickly merging ourselves in the Eternal Spirit. "He who shall have recovered his primitive purity at death," said Issa, "shall have

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obtained the forgiveness of his sins, and shall have the right to contemplate the majestic figure of God.”

VII

1. The words of Issa spread among the pagans, in the countries through which he traveled, and the inhabitants abandoned their idols.

IX

1. Issa, whom the Creator had chosen to recall the true God to the people that were plunged in depravities, was twenty-nine years of age when he arrived in the land of Israel.

XIV

10. And the disciples of Saint Issa left the land of Israel and went in all directions among the pagans, telling them that they must abandon their gross errors, think of the salvation of their souls, and of the perfect felicity in store for men in the enlightened and immaterial world where, in repose and in all his purity, dwells the great Creator in perfect majesty.
11. Many pagans, their kings and soldiers, listened to these preachers, abandoned their absurd beliefs, deserted their priests and their idols to sing the praises of the all-wise Creator of the universe, the King of kings, whose heart is filled with infinite mercy.

(To read the entire text, the reader may obtain a copy of *The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ*, by Nicolas Notovitch.)



Tibetan stone carving.

CHAPTER 10

Traditions about Jesus at Lhasa in Tibet: Stories from Ladakh and Kashmir, India

*And they killed him not, nor did they cause his
death on the cross.*

—The Holy Quran 4:157

According to what the Buddhist monks at the Hemis Monastery told Nicolas Notovitch, the original version of “The Life of Saint Issa, The Best of the Sons of Men,” was written in Pali language at Lhasa, Tibet. The original scrolls were supposedly written during the first two centuries, A.D., and were kept in a monastery near Lhasa which was affiliated with the Potala Palace of the Dalai Lama. Translations of the scrolls were made into Tibetan

language and sent out to other important monasteries. One of those monasteries was the Hemis Monastery at Leh, Ladakh, in what is now northwestern India.

In Holger Kersten's excellent book, *Jesus Lived in India* (Element Books Ltd., 1994) he tells about a surprising number of people who were eyewitnesses of the same documents which Nicolas Notovitch saw in 1887.

Among other eyewitnesses, Swami Abhedananda, of Calcutta, India, undertook a journey himself in 1922 to visit the Hemis Monastery in Leh to verify the facts. The Swami, whose given name was Kaliprasad Chandra (born 1866) had studied at the Oriental Seminary in Calcutta. He later visited England, where he met Max Müller. The Swami, while traveling in America, had read Nicolas Notovitch's *The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ*. Upon returning to India, the Swami went to Leh. In his book, *Journey into Kashmir and Tibet*, Swami Abhedananda tells on page 119, that he "made enquiries with the lamas and came to know that it was true."

Following the Swami's request to see the information, his book relates:

The lama who was acting as our guide took a manuscript from the shelf and showed it to the Swami. He said that it was an exact translation of the original manuscript which was lying in the monastery of Marbour near Lhasa. The original manuscript is in Pali, while the manuscript preserved in Himis is in Tibetan. It consists of fourteen chapters and two hundred twenty-four couplets (slokas). The Swami got some portion of the

manuscript translated with the help of the lama attending on him.

Nicholas Roerich

Only a few years after Abhedananda's visit, in 1925 the Russian painter and explorer, Nicholas Roerich, who spent many years traveling in central Asia, visited Ladakh. In Roerich's 1929 book, *Altai-Himalaya, A Travel Diary*, he wrote that he had been told about Tibetan writings which stated that Jesus had returned from the Himalayas to Judea at the age of 29.

In Roerich's enquiries among the people of Ladakh, he frequently heard about "the legend of Issa" and the high reverence for Issa. Incidentally, in New York City there is a Nicholas Roerich Museum located at 319 West 107th Street, at Riverside Drive. The telephone number is (212) 864-7752. The zip code is 10025-2799. Whenever I am visiting New York City, I always make it a point to visit that museum. Roerich's Himalayan paintings are fantastically beautiful! Poignant and unique art.

Concerning Roerich, in 1947 the Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru made the following statement: "When I think of Nicholas Roerich I am astounded at the scope and abundance of his activities and creative genius. A great artist, a great scholar and writer, archaeologist and explorer, he touched and lighted up so many aspects of human endeavor. The very quantity is stupendous—thousands of paintings and each one of them a great work of art. When you look at these paintings, so many of them of the Himalayas, you seem to catch the spirit of these great mountains which have

towered over the Indian plain and been our sentinels for ages past. They remind us of so much in our history, our thought, our cultural and spiritual heritage so much not merely of the India of the past, but of something that is permanent and eternal about India, that we cannot help feeling a great sense of indebtedness to Nicholas Roerich who has enshrined that spirit in these magnificent canvases."

Another author who wrote about the existence of the Issa manuscripts was Lady Henrietta Merrick. In her 1931 book, *In the World's Attick*, she wrote: "In Leh is the legend of Christ who is called 'Issa,' and it is said that the monastery at Hemis holds precious documents fifteen hundred years old which tell of the days that he passed in Leh, where he was joyously received and he preached."

A still further witness to the documents was a Swiss traveler, Madame Elisabeth Caspari, who visited Hemis in 1939. She and her group were on a pilgrimage to Mt. Kailas in Tibet. With Mrs. Caspari was Mrs. Clarence Gasque, head of an organization called the World Association of Faith. The librarian of Hemis showed the ancient manuscripts to Mrs. Caspari and said, "These books tell of your Jesus' stay here." Mrs. Caspari briefly held one of the three books in her hands, but the ladies did not express much interest in the writings. Apparently, at some time later, the manuscripts were removed from the monastery. These witnesses are mentioned in Elizabeth Clare Prophet's wonderful book *The Lost Years of Jesus*.

According to Levi Dowling's *Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ*, after leaving India and passing through Nepal, Jesus had journeyed to Lhasa, Tibet. There, Jesus studied for some weeks or months with the great

Chinese sage, Meng-ste, also known as Mencius by the Greeks and others in the west. According to Levi's account, Jesus did not teach in Lhasa, and after his studies departed to the west, crossing Tibet.

After crossing Tibet, Jesus arrived at the Hemis Monastery at Leh in Ladakh, in what is now northwestern India. Folklore has it that Jesus stayed at Hemis for perhaps two months, or longer, and that he studied, taught, and did healings in the area. When I met and interviewed the newspaper editor, Aziz Kashmiri, in his office at Srinagar, Kashmir, he told me that the portrait he saw of Jesus at Hemis was of a robust, smiling, suntanned Jesus (Chapter 3 in this book). That would make perfect sense, because traditions describe Jesus as a great traveler who normally walked everywhere he went.

A Portrait of Jesus

In Aziz Kashmiri's excellent book, *Christ in Kashmir*, the following note appears on page 78: "When the writer paid a visit to Buddhist Monastery at Hemis, in Leh (Ladakh-Kashmir) in August, 1969, he was surprised to see a photograph (sketch) of a Lama, who quite unlike other lamas was having a beard. The writer enquired from the Guide-lama "Narang Tushi" pointing to the picture as to who he was. The Lama replied, "He is Yashosh, the lama who was raised some two thousand years ago. The Russian Traveler Nicolas Notovitch, was in the same monastery when he was injured. He ran through the Tibetan Literature in the monastery and disclosed that Jesus Christ had visited Kashmir twice."

In Nelson T. Bruknaer's out-of-print book, *The Second Life of Jesus Christ*, on page 2 he relates: "After the crucifixion, Jesus lived and taught for many years in Damascus, where he met Saul later called Paul. Even to-day three miles from Damascus, a place exists which is named 'Muqam-i-Isa' which is the place where Jesus stayed. Later, together with Mary, his mother, and his brother, Thomas, Jesus traveled over the Silk Road, the great caravan route from Mediterranean to Far East. In the historical reports Nisibis is mentioned, which is to-day called Nusaybin in Turkey. From there the journey continued to Kashan in Persia, today known as Iran, and further to Taxila and Murree, in present day northern Pakistan. Finally it ended in Kashmir and Ladakh. This first stage of his second life, to the time of entry into Kashmir, extended over some fourteen years. During this time he changed his name to Yuz Asaf (Leader of the Cleansed)."

Also, from page three of Bruknaer's book: "According to the Scriptures and other sources available at Buddhist monasteries of Hemis and Samvas, 30 miles from Lhasa, Jesus was for Buddhism as prophesied around 500 years before by Buddha Guatama, the awaited successor. It is hinted that Jesus was named "Bagwa Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara," 'the white enlightened great merciful All-seer,' white, because of his lighter skin. He was also referred to as 'he came from a far foreign land'; as 'he was born of a Virgin'; as 'he who spoke in parables' and worked miracles: he who rejected the World's riches; preached purity of heart; taught peace and humility and forgiveness of enemies; 'he with the wheel-like marks on hands and feet'—the scars of crucifixion suffered in Palestine decades before."

The Traveling Prophet

Continuing from page three of Bruknaer's book:

Jesus, Avalokitesvara, it is said, was the teacher of the concept, Father-God, Amit-Abha, God the Father, of never ending light. This teaching reformed Buddhism and brought about great changes during the dynasty of the Indian Kushana Kings. The teachings of Jesus became the Teachings of the 'Great Enlightenment' or the 'Great Vehicle' as it is known today throughout the world in Buddhist religion. Before the time of Jesus in Asia, only the teaching of the 'Little Vehicle' had been known in Buddhism, which amounts purely to teaching release from the recurring cycles of reincarnation. As a result of this, many years after the teaching of the 'Father-God' (Amit-Abha) by Jesus, the Fourth Buddhist Council was assembled in an attempt to remove these teachings from Buddhism. *But significantly, it is these Teachings which promoted the rise of Buddhism to a world religion. Jesus is associated with great journeys which reached as far as Japan.* (emphasis my own) There exist scripts; they call Jesus as the 'Traveling Prophet.' (Messiah also means the same in Arabic). But in every case He returned to Kashmir. In Japan, His teachings of the Father-God, (Amit-Abha) is now called 'Namu Amida Butsu.'

From the famous Persian history 'Rauzat-us-Safa' (pp. 130-135) by Mir Muhammad Khawand Shah, comes a charming description of Jesus reaching Nasibain, Armenia, which is given briefly in the following:

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Jesus was named the Messiah because he was a great traveler. He wore a woollen scarf on his head, and a woollen cloak on his body. He had a stick in his hand. He used to wander from country to country and city to city. At nightfall he would stay where he was. He ate wild vegetables, drank wild water, and traveled on foot. His companions, during one of his travels, once bought a horse for him; he rode the horse one day, but as he could not make any provision for the feeding of the horse, he returned it. Journeying from his country, he arrived at Nasibain, which was at a distance of several hundred miles from his home. With him were a few of his disciples whom he sent into the city to preach. In the city, however, there were current wrong and unfounded rumours about Jesus and his mother. The Governor of the city, therefore, arrested the disciples and then summoned Jesus. Jesus miraculously healed some persons. The King of the territory of Nasibain, therefore, with all his armies and the people, became his followers.

In 1983, Mr. Aziz Kashmiri, the author of *Christ in Kashmir*, attended a convention in Trinidad and was interviewed by the local newspaper. The following are excerpts from that interview, which appeared in *The Mirror*, Trinidad, Aug. 19, 1983, page 11: Said Mr. Kashmiri, "Jesus did not die on the cross, as is the popular belief, but in fact he had fainted."

"The evidence which points to this are the Gospels, all of which stated that Jesus was taken down from the cross at the 9th hour, for the other day was Sabbath day,

and in those days bodies could not remain on the cross on Sabbath."

"The histories of those days are a witness that no one died on the cross within such a short time, but normally were left to suffer for many days." (Let the reader recall that Jesus' legs were not broken and he was a strong man in good health).

"When Jesus was taken down from the cross, he was actually in a dead faint, and people thought he was dead."

"Even Pilate, the man who ordered his crucifixion, was surprised that Jesus was already dead ... but he did not know that he was in fact alive."

Marham Isa

"What happened afterwards is simple ... he was taken to a cave-like structure where he was rubbed down with Marham Isa, an ointment to heal wounds which is still used up to now."

"In fact, *Marham Isa* is called the ointment of Jesus. Anyway, Jesus was rubbed down with this ointment, and was covered with a shroud ... the same shroud making the news these days ... and it was the ointment which caused his form to be imprinted on the shroud."

"When he recovered, some three days later, he was disguised as a gardener (the same gardener Mary saw) as his friends were afraid that Pilate would see him and realize that he was really alive."

"Under this disguise, Jesus fled across the Middle East. When he appeared to the disciples, they thought he was dead, and he showed them his wounds to prove

he was alive. He was hungry and was given broiled fish which today is a delicacy among the people of Kashmir."

"Evidence points that Jesus did escape from his enemies, and he was eventually given shelter at another place of which a complete description is given."

"Kashmir is the only place which fits that description. According to the Qur'an, there he lived, carried on his preachings and died at the age of 120."

"He was buried in Kashmir, and all evidence points to the tomb in Khanyar Street, which is called the tomb of Nabi (prophet) or the Tomb of Isa (Jesus), as Jesus' final resting place."

"The Qur'an describes the final destination of Jesus Christ as a lofty ground, having meadows and springs, which learned Muslim scholars have claimed is Kashmir." Later in the interview:

"Mr. Kashmiri also said that he did not want to start any type of controversy with the Christians, but he and the people of Kashmir believe that Jesus did not die on the cross but lived in Kashmir until his death."

"We are not decrying Jesus Christ," says Kashmiri. "In fact we think highly of the Great Prophet. He was a great man, a successful prophet who was given a job to do by God and he completed it ... successfully."

"If he really died on the cross as Christians believe, then Jesus did not fulfill the Almighty's wishes." [End of interview]

Traditions from southern India, which I heard about on several occasions, say that the apostle Thomas lived and taught Christianity for many years in the southern

Traditions about Jesus at Lhasa in Tibet

part of India. Many Christians today in the Indian state of Kerala call themselves "Thomas Christians." Tradition also tells about the martyrdom of Thomas, saying that in about the year 76 A.D. near Mylapore, a place near Madras, Thomas was killed from behind by a fanatical man with a spear. The tomb of Thomas exists there to this day.



Windy Corner, Mt. McKinley, Alaska.

CHAPTER 11

Don't Ever Urinate on An Electrified Fence: UFO Missing Time, and other Unusual Events

*The Universe may not only be strange; it may be
stranger than we can imagine.*

—Albert Einstein

Before I finish writing this book, I would like to share some personal experiences which I think may be interesting. After that, I will finish with some closing thoughts about Jesus in India and the “big picture.”

When I was a teenager, and only a few years after my father and I had our UFO experience along the Colorado River in Texas, I was not only reading about

UFOs, but actively looking for them, also. Often, I would go for walks at night, especially along the edges of the small town where I grew up. Usually, I would carry binoculars, a camera, and a flashlight. Sometimes I would see a high-flying light which might move erratically and then dart away at high speed.

At the age of 16, I took Driver Education with my parents' permission, in the summertime. Soon after, I got my driver's license. It was great to have the freedom to drive to school, go on hunting trips, and to go on dates. Also, I liked to sometimes go on clear, starry nights to remote areas in the country and look for UFOs. Gradually, I found some people who did not ridicule UFOs, and some I talked with had seen UFOs up close.

A young lady I met who had lived in a small, south Texas town, described an experience which happened at a drive-in movie theater. She was in a car with several friends, watching the movie. The sky was clear, with a full moon. She happened to look upward, out of the car window. She was startled to see three, silvery disks, hovering silently overhead, with a slight wobbling motion. She said each disk appeared to be about 30 feet in diameter. Quickly, she pointed the objects out to her friends, who rapidly stepped out of the car and pointed upward. Soon, many people were looking and pointing. Someone turned on a flashlight, and pointed it at the objects. The disks then, one after the other, shot straight up and out of sight at incredible velocity.

Another friend told a story he had overheard while his father was entertaining a guest, a game warden from another county in Central Texas. That part of Texas is also called the Edwards Plateau, or the Hill Country, and

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it has a large population of the native, whitetail deer. The story from the game warden was that a rancher suspected that one or more poachers were shooting deer at night on his ranch. So the rancher, the game warden, and his deputy, were 'staking out' the ranch one night.

Silvery-Colored Disks

They were in two vehicles, with their headlights turned off, driving around slowly, looking and listening for poachers. It was a starry, moonlit night, and at one point, they thought they saw a glint of reflected moonlight from a metallic surface. The metal object was on a hillside, and the rancher whispered that there should not be any metal objects over there. The trio silently drove closer in the darkness.

A short distance from the object, they heard a strange, humming sound. They stopped and watched, when suddenly two silvery-colored disks rose from the ground and hovered at tree-top level. The two saucers each appeared to be 20 feet or more in diameter. After hovering a few seconds, the disks shot out of sight toward the horizon, at amazing speed. The game warden said he had never believed any reports about UFOs, but now, he said, he knew they are real. He finished his story by saying he believed the disks were piloted by visitors from another solar system.

When I was about 17, a good friend of mine at high school told me one day confidentially that just the night before he had watched a hovering UFO. He had been asleep, he said, and woke up because he heard noise from some cattle. He wondered if coyotes were making

trouble. He said he looked out his bedroom window, toward his grandparents' house a few hundred yards away. There, he said, above the corral behind the house, a silvery disk was hovering in the moonlight. At times, the disk was shining down a white-colored spotlight, apparently looking at the cattle in the corral. After several minutes, the disk moved slowly away, out of sight.

My friend and I had done a lot of hunting together, deer hunting, dove hunting, and so on. We knew that area pretty well, even walking around in the dark, with flashlights turned off. My friend invited me to come out that night and help him look for UFOs. I gladly accepted. After school, I discussed things with my parents. They both had a tolerant, flexible attitude, especially my Dad, because of the UFO we had seen together and kept secret about. I promised to be back before very late, and after dinner I drove to my friend's place.

We each carried a flashlight, turned off, and also we had binoculars and a small camera with a flash. Maybe we were naive, but we had good intentions. Who could say? Maybe we would even get to see some space aliens.

My friend and I walked near the corral where the object had hovered the night before, but found no trace of it. We then walked a hundred yards, or so, apart in a long circle around the ranch. No unusual lights or objects showed up. At one point, for entertainment, we stopped walking and I made a wounded rabbit squeal with my hand and mouth to call predators. A grey fox trotted up close to investigate, we turned on our lights, and it dashed away. We continued walking, uneventfully.

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I told my friend about a time when my father once accidentally called up a mountain lion one night out in west Texas. Dad and I were on a deer hunting trip and, one night, Dad was trying to impress a young couple from a big city by rabbit squealing and calling in a fox or coyote. Instead, a big bad-tempered mountain lion abruptly showed up! The lion had come running down a mountainside, expecting to steal a wounded rabbit from another predator. Earlier, Dad had insisted we leave our guns in camp, and we all ran at breakneck speed through a dry ravine to get back to camp! The lion followed behind us, screaming like crazy! Back at camp, with guns in hand, the lion disappeared for good.

A Really Shocking Experience!

My friend and I had a good laugh at the story and kept on walking. Later, as we got toward the end of the walk, we became separated. I could see the lights of the ranch house, not far away. Near the ranch house were several corrals; I stopped near one which had a metal fence of some sort. Several prized cattle were inside. Needing to relieve myself, I stood near the metal fence and began to urinate. I stood in the darkness, looking at the beautiful, starry sky and thinking about outer space and other planets.

Very suddenly, as soon as the stream of urine hit the metal fence, I had what felt like a tremendous electrical jolt! Going right through my manhood and all through my body! Just crackling and zapping away! The fence, it turned out, was electrified!!!

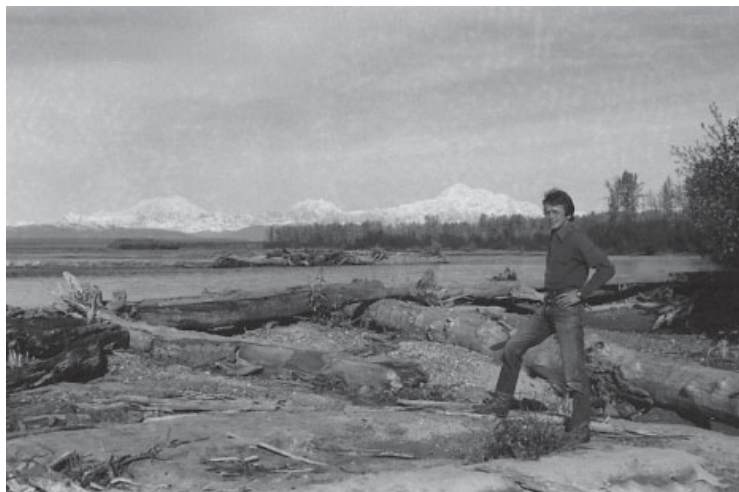
That was one thing they had never taught me in school. The experience went on for several terrible seconds, because I felt pretty much paralyzed! I don't know if it was my imagination, but it seemed like things were sparking, popping, and hissing. It was wild. Finally, I made myself fall backwards, into the mud, and broke off the experience. I looked down after a moment and wondered if I had become neuter gender. But, I was okay. Guys, don't do it!

At the age of 19, I talked a friend into going with me on a long drive up to Alaska. My father had always wanted to go to visit Alaska, but he was never able to. He had died suddenly from a heart attack when I was 19. And so, about three months after his death, I had decided to go. My friend and I had done our 'homework,' in the sense that we had read books, talked with people who had lived in Alaska, and written letters. Driving up the Alaska Highway, the Alcan, was a real adventure at that time. Located in western Canada, the Alcan was unpaved then, 1,523 miles of dirt and gravel, all the way from Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to the Alaska border.

Fighting Forest Fires in Alaska

My friend and I were hired that summer to fight forest fires with the Bureau of Land Management, out of Fairbanks. We were called EFF, Emergency Fire Fighters, and worked with many EFF crews that summer. We learned a lot! In later summers, I gained even more experience and got to see many parts of Alaska. On one fire, I had a really close call when the

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The author at Talkeetna, Alaska, with Mt. McKinley in the background.

wind shifted dangerously, and a friend and I were trapped in dense smoke. By putting our faces to the ground, we found a layer of about six inches of clear air, and crawled quickly to safety.

I was attending The University of Alaska at Fairbanks as a full-time student, and fighting forest fires during the summers. When I was 20 years old, I was busy as usual, during the summer fire season. Some heavy rains came in late July, and the fire season seemed about over. So a lot of us took off to do things that August: work on cabins, cut firewood for the winter, get ready for the fall semester, and so forth. I planned to go on a big, 10-day hunting trip for moose and caribou. I had arranged with a bush pilot friend to fly me about 100 miles south of Fairbanks, into the

northern foothills of the Alaska Range. It is also called the Wood River country.

My regular hunting friends were all busy with other activities, so, I just decided to go hunting by myself. Besides, I thought, my bush pilot friend is very reliable and he promised to fly over my camp every three days, or so, and keep an eye on me. Also, I thought, I would be well-armed and I had a lot of good equipment and supplies. Grizzly bears, I knew, would be the main danger, but I would be careful and if I had to, I could certainly defend myself.

So I got my equipment ready, said my prayers, and met my pilot friend. It was a beautiful, cool and crisp fall morning in the early part of August (in interior Alaska, fall does begin in early August). We loaded the equipment into my friend's J-3 airplane and took off from Philips Field in Fairbanks. The J-3 flew at a pleasantly slow speed, perhaps 80 m.p.h., or so, and we flew low, maybe 300 feet or less, above the tundra and forest below. Several times we saw moose grazing, some with strips of velvet hanging from their antlers. A couple of times, we saw old World War Two vintage airplane wrecks, rusting away on the tundra.

After perhaps an hour or more, we approached the foothills, and had a breathtaking view of the great ice peaks of the Alaska Range. Mountains with names like Deborah, Hayes, Hess, Foraker, and, of course, Mt. McKinley (Denali) make a spectacular panorama. Some low clouds were hanging in the valleys of the foothills; we dipped into one valley, skirting the clouds, and watched a dozen or so wolves running in single file. I was having a great time! We landed, using the J-3's big

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rubber tires, on a long, flat hilltop, which was free of boulders and had a gravelly surface.

We unloaded my gear, Burt smiled and shook my hand, wished me good luck with my hunting, and said he would fly over my camp in two or three days. If I had gotten something, or wanted him to land for any reason, I should spread out a red tarp (a space blanket) which I had. Otherwise, he would circle in the plane, and fly back. Burt climbed in the J-3, waved goodbye, and took off. I unpacked my orange-colored Eureka tent, and assembled the aluminum poles which made the external draw-tight frame. After setting up the tent, I put a few boxes and things inside to protect them in case of a rain shower.

Then I took my handgun, a Ruger .44 magnum Blackhawk revolver, made sure five cylinders were loaded, rested the hammer on an empty cylinder, and put it back in the holster. On my left side was a Bowie knife in its sheath. I picked up my bow, a Bear Kodiak, and my hunting arrows, and began hunting caribou and moose. I carried the revolver as a precaution, in case I should be attacked by a grizzly bear.

A Big Toklat Grizzly Bear

On the third day, I had still had no success with hunting. I had seen several small herds of caribou and no moose. The caribou were mostly far off, and they seemed wary of wolves. On one cloudy morning, I had stalked through a dense, drizzling fog to approach a small herd of caribou. I crawled like a wolf, and shot an arrow from about 40 yards at a group of eight, large

caribou bulls, standing side-by-side, facing me. The arrow went high, between the horns of one bull. They ran about 70 yards away and stopped. My next arrow went under the chest of one bull, and I watched them run off. I was out of practice with my archery! Too much firefighting.

Walking back to camp for lunch, the wind cleared the clouds away, and as I was in one of the shallow valleys between hills, I heard the familiar drone of Burt's airplane. I couldn't see my camp from the valley, but I could see the plane circle several times. Then I heard the engine cut back, and the sound of the plane landing. Something was wrong!

I raced up the side of the narrow valley, and was soon at the top. Burt was standing beside his J-3, a couple of hundred yards away, looking for me. I yelled and waved my arms, and he began jogging toward me. I trotted toward him; I could tell he was excited about something and a little out of breath. "What is it?" I said. "Grizzly," he said, catching his breath, "I just saw a big grizzly—a Toklat—walking in a circle around your tent." A Toklat grizzly bear, we both knew, is a blondish-colored grizzly, one with a lot of long, blond hairs on the back and shoulders. Also, some people have the opinion that Toklats are particularly bad-tempered grizzlies, maybe the worst. And grizzlies are not sweet-natured to begin with.

Burt then described how the bear looked like a very large male. As the bear walked, he said he could see the hide shift back and forth because of the fat underneath. At one point, he said, when he swooped low in the plane, the grizzly stood up on its rear legs, snarled, and

pawed the air. He said the top of the bear's head looked like it was about 10 feet, or so, off the ground. It was scary! Burt said he had landed to warn me and also to give me the chance, if I wanted, to leave that place and hunt elsewhere.

Then he said that the grizzly might possibly still be in sight nearby, if we looked into the next ravine. "Sure," I said, "Let's go." We both checked our weapons; Burt always carried a long-barreled Ruger .44 magnum handgun in the bush. I checked my .44 magnum revolver, also, and then got my .300 Weatherby magnum rifle out of the tent and made sure it was loaded, with a round in the chamber. I put the rifle on safety and then we were ready. We had both agreed to only shoot, if we had to, in self-defense. That is, if the bear charged us. Otherwise, we would only look.

We trotted a couple of hundred yards to where the grizzly had dropped down into the next ravine. Nearing the edge, we began crawling like Indians, to be inconspicuous to anything below. No animals were in sight. We looked carefully everywhere, even glancing behind us. Nothing. About then, as we laid on the ground, Burt looked downward between us and whispered, "Here's one of his tracks."

A Huge Track

There, within a foot of our faces, was the biggest grizzly track I had ever seen! It was massively long and wide, and the long claw marks were clearly visible in the soft dirt. I gasped a little, and moved a little further away, as though I had gotten too close to a rattlesnake

in Texas. Damn! That was one big bear, and he was still out there, in the big open, free and footloose. Maybe he was watching us, right then, from hiding somewhere. We walked back to the airplane, watching our backtrail.

Burt and I discussed the situation and I decided to stay for now where I was. I had become familiar with the hunting area and scouted adjoining areas; I had made hunting plans, based on the terrain. Moving to a new area, I would have to start over, and lose valuable time. And, in a new area, there could easily be other grizzlies, just as dangerous. Besides, I thought, the big Toklat grizzly had probably just been ranging through the area and was curious about my camp. Perhaps he was far away by now. I thanked Burt for his warning; he smiled and said he would fly back over in three days, or so. He climbed into his plane, waved farewell, and took off toward Fairbanks.

I decided to begin hunting caribou with my rifle, instead of my bow. The weather had cleared now, and the caribou were very wary of predators. It would be enough of a challenge to get one with a rifle. It would be helpful to have a supply of caribou meat for the winter, but if not, that would be alright, too. I was having a great time being out in nature.

During the nights now, the aurora borealis, the northern lights, were beginning to appear. Often, they would appear as shimmering, waving curtains of neon-like lime-green and intense yellow, with dashes of bright pink, red, or purple. Sometimes looking at the northern lights was a spiritual experience, deeply awe-inspiring. Also, at night, I could often hear wolves

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howling in the distance. It was about the second week in August, and the leaves on many birch trees, and other trees, were turning yellow and orange, fluttering in the wind. The wild roses in the forests had a beautiful smell. All in all, it was a wonderful time to be out in such a glorious wilderness.

The scenery was magnificent the rest of that day, as I ranged over a wide area to the west of camp. The ice peaks of the Alaska Range glistened in the distance like jewels, windswept and awesome. I didn't know at that time that three years later, I would be with Ray Genet and one of his climbing teams, reaching the summit of Mount McKinley! Denali, the highest point in North America! But it happened!

My hunting that day was uneventful but pleasant; I saw a few small, distant herds of caribou, and a few cow moose and calves in the valleys. Close to sunset, I arrived back at camp, ready to cook supper and rest. To my astonishment, there was a circle of fresh, huge grizzly tracks around my tent, and only about 10 feet away from it! It smelled also like the grizzly had urinated somewhere. I almost stepped on some of the tracks, made a sound like "Huuuh?," and then examined them closely, with dead seriousness. I narrowed my eyes a little, and touched some of the tracks. It was the same grizzly! The tracks had been made in the last few hours, while I was gone.

Before, when Burt watched the grizzly from his airplane, he said it was about 100 yards from my tent, and walking in a circle around it. Now, after it knew that humans had been here, it had returned even closer. As if to express, "I am not afraid, and I may be back

again." I sat down to think. Certainly, I was an uninvited visitor in the grizzly's domain. Possibly, even, I might have been the first human that particular grizzly had ever encountered. It is a huge wilderness, and human visitors are only occasional, here and there, for brief periods.

Grizzly Bear Stories

Well, I didn't know if this grizzly was going to have a hissy fit over me or not. I had heard an abundance of horror stories about what grizzly bears can and have done to people. They can come in the middle of the night, they can rip any tent open in nothing flat. They can stick their huge head in, find your head, and crush your skull in their jaws like an eggshell. Or they can rip you to death with their claws, smash your skull with a paw, and so forth. They can lie in wait along a trail, and then rush you from a few feet away. If you can put a bullet in the grizzly's head before he reaches you, the attack may be finished. If not, things may become interesting.

I remembered that not many years ago, a big grizzly had killed four adult men, at one time, in seconds, near Gunsight Mountain in Alaska. The men, all experienced outdoorsmen, were a hunting guide and three hunters. They had all flown to a remote lake, and landed in a plane equipped with pontoons. They were carrying loads of supplies from the shore to their nearby camp when the grizzly charged. Apparently, the men were surprised and either were not carrying their guns, or did not have time to shoot. The big grizzly

killed all four men with deadly efficiency. The bear was never found.

The park ranger-type advice is simply to drop to the ground, go limp, and play dead. That is marvelous advice, I'm sure. If you are unarmed and in a national park, that is probably, absolutely the wisest thing to do. But, as they say, the grizzly may never have read that book. In such a case, the grizzly may smell you, and walk calmly away. Or the grizzly may slowly and methodically claw you and bite you to death. Or it might do it quickly. It can be hard to play dead, sometimes, when a big critter is crushing your bones with its jaws.

Some of the feisty, old-time pioneers in Alaska, would even stand quickly on a tree stump or boulder, and raise their arms, while holding up a spread coat or jacket. The grizzly may judge other creatures by how tall they look, and hesitate. The old timers would then make roaring and bellowing noises. Results were varied. If possible, climbing a sturdy tree and going high enough, was another thing the old-timers did.

The most recent expert advice I have heard on grizzlies is that there are basically two kinds of grizzly attack situations. The first and most common is a purely defensive situation, for example, a mother grizzly protecting her cubs. Or a bear is surprised and startled. In such situations, the bear may pop its teeth, growl, do a bluff charge, and so forth. Playing dead or steering clear may be the best action.

The second attack situation, the experts say, is a predatory attack. For unknown reasons, the grizzly may push things until it meets resistance. Rock

throwing, yelling, and so forth, may deter such a bear. Maybe not. If the attack is predatory, playing dead may invite serious injury or death. Consult park rangers and other animal experts before entering grizzly country.

In my situation, if I were attacked, I couldn't rely on help or support from anyone. I knew I could easily bleed to death before my pilot friend would return. Well, I couldn't call 911, or do anything like that. I had no telephone, radio, or walkie-talkie. As I started to prepare dinner, I heard a deep, ominous, growling sound from the nearby brushy ravine. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Was it the big grizzly? I looked down from the rim, but couldn't see anything in the dense foliage.

Back at camp, after a few minutes, I had the intuitive feeling this particular grizzly might very well come back during the night and kill me as I slept. And, I then decided I would do something proactive. That is, I would try to take some action, and attempt to make things turn out better for everyone. And I knew I might get killed trying, but I also knew I might get killed if I did nothing. After all, damn it, it is my life! And I was not asking anyone else to take a risk. I decided to go talk with the grizzly.

The Athabaskan Indians who were often on crews fighting forest fires had sometimes told me stories about how it can be possible for a human being to talk with animals—and be understood. Some of the Indians believed that bears especially, can understand human communication. I always listened with an open mind. I remembered reading a *Sports Afield* magazine article written by an Oklahoma Indian who described how

Indian hunters would often talk with the spirits of the deer. Before drawing his arrow back, the hunter would silently ask his spirit to talk with the deer's spirit, and request permission. The hunter would listen inwardly for the deer's answer.

In the wonderful books *Spiritwalker* and *Medicinemaker* by anthropologist Dr. Hank Wesselman, he describes how that human to animal communication may take place through means of the "*aumakua*," or, "higher self." He explains that the ancient Hawaiians believed that all large creatures, animal and human, possess an "*aumakua*."

Talking with a Grizzly Bear

So crazy or not, I decided to at least try talking with the big, Toklat grizzly bear. I made sure my rifle was completely loaded, with a round also in the chamber. I then put my rifle off safety, ready to fire. I checked my pistol, loaded it completely, and put the hammer on the safety position. I then looked at my Bowie knife and put it back in the sheath on my left hip, with the strap open. It was late afternoon, nearly sunset. My plan was to look for the grizzly's trail and try to get within talking distance. I would only shoot in self-defense; I would not shoot unless the bear charged me.

I descended into the brushy ravine where I had last seen the bear's tracks go. Very soon, I found fresh tracks. Following them, I thought I could smell grizzly scent. After 200 yards, or so, I found what looked like a bedding place in the brush. I had been moving slowly and quietly, being extremely alert—probably the most alert

I had ever been in my life. Slowly, I squatted down, looking all around, and put my right hand on the bedding place. It felt warm. Perhaps, I thought, the grizzly had just gotten up, moments before, and was only a short distance away, watching and listening.

Since I figured the grizzly could probably hear me, I slowly stood up, looking around carefully. And since I was in the wilderness, with no other humans around, I decided to talk out loud to the bear. I put my rifle in my left hand, extended both arms upward and outward, and said something like "Hear me Great Bear! I am a human being and a visitor here. I will only be here a few more days. I am here to hunt caribou and moose. I will only take one. I mean you no harm. If you will not hurt me, I will not hurt you. If you leave me alone, I will leave you alone. But if you want to fight me, then I will fight back, and we both may solve the Great Mystery. Hear my words, Great Bear. Let there be peace between us! I have spoken."

The brushy ravine was silent. Slowly and alertly, I walked back up the slope and returned to my camp. I made a campfire with some dead wood I had collected earlier, and cooked dinner. The big grizzly, it turned out, never returned to my campsite or showed up anywhere during the remainder of the hunt. Somehow, I think the great bear heard me and we reached an understanding.

A UFO Appears

The next couple of days were pleasant and mostly uneventful, until one evening. I had returned to camp,

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as usual, after the day's hunting. I was sitting by the campfire, and had finished eating dinner. I was drinking a mug of herbal tea and watching the amazing number of stars in the clear, dark sky. I happened to look toward the east, and was astonished to see a silent, disk-shaped, hovering object above a hilltop.

From where I was camped on top of an elongated, barren hill, the object was across several ravines, to the east, and hovering above another barren hilltop. The distance to the object was perhaps between 800 yards and one mile. Below the hilltops were the brushy ravines, and nearby to the north, was the vast sweep of the forest and marshy lowlands, including the Wood River. Immediately to the south, the hills connected to even higher, treeless hills, and then to the vastness of the ice peaks of the Alaska Range.

The object looked disk-shaped, and was glowing with a soft, blue light. The blue color reminded me of the gas flame on a stove. It was hard to estimate size, because there were no trees near the object. But I was estimating that the disk was perhaps 30 to 50 feet in diameter, perhaps larger. It was a quiet, clear night with almost no wind. I strained my ears, but could hear no sound from the object. At one point, the object began to shine a beam of white light downward, moving it from side to side. Perhaps it was looking at a herd of caribou below it. Then I thought of my binoculars which were in the tent.

With my binoculars, I could clearly see the disk-shape of the object. It was no helicopter, balloon, blimp, or anything else conventional. It looked like a metallic disk which was emitting a soft, blue color. It hovered

steadily in the air, but sometimes made motions like a boat rocking in the water. "Well," I thought, "this is one hell of a hunting trip! First, I have problems with a grizzly bear, and next, I see a UFO! Damn, I thought, I'll bet it's just chock full of space aliens! But are they good or bad?"

"This is great," I thought, "just great. I could get abducted by space aliens. Or eaten by a grizzly bear. Or both!"

Then I remembered the UFO which my father and I had seen when I was about 13 years old, that winter night in a remote area along the Colorado River in Texas. That was a mysterious experience, yes, but somehow it had always seemed like a positive experience, also.

On a playful impulse, I reached over and got my flashlight, which had three D-cells. I turned it on and pointed it at the distant UFO, and said something like, "Okay, guys, here I am if you want to visit." The white searchlight underneath the object seemed to momentarily point in my direction, and then downward again. After a moment, I reflected about whether these UFO occupants were really good guys or not.

After watching the object for maybe 15 or 20 minutes, I became very sleepy and decided to get into my tent and go to bed. Inside, I zipped the tent flaps shut, as always. At least, a grizzly or anything trying to get inside would have to make some noise, which hopefully would wake me up. My rifle, loaded and on safety, lay at my left side, pointed toward the entrance. My pistol and Bowie knife lay at my right side. I changed into my sleeping clothes, got into my goose down sleeping bag, and quickly fell asleep.

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Inside-Out Clothing

I woke up suddenly the next morning, with my head beside the tent flaps, which were flapping softly in the breeze. Bright sunlight was outside, and the air

was cool and fresh. I glanced at my watch; it was about 8 A.M.. I had slept much later than normal. And, I was lying on top of my sleeping bag, not inside. And instead of my feet being beside the tent flaps, my position was reversed, with my head being there instead. If a dangerous animal opens the flaps and starts biting, it is always better to have your feet there than your head. And why were the tent flaps wide open? And then, I noticed that my sleeping clothes, my turtleneck and sweatpants, were turned inside-out! What was going on?

Back then, I was 20 years old, coming from a fundamentalist Christian background, and did not drink any alcoholic beverages, beer, wine, or anything. I had never used any drugs or hallucinogens, or anything like that. I was not given to sleepwalking, and I was not using any weird medication. Something strange and unusual had happened, I felt. But I had no conscious memory of it! Why?

I stepped outside of my tent, into the bright sunshine and the cool, pleasant air. The sky was perfectly clear and a beautiful deep blue. I stretched and admired the panoramic, sweeping view in all directions. It was novel to be the only human being in such a vast area. Something was different! I felt very good, remarkably good. It was hard to articulate, to put into language, but I had the sense that my mind was expanded. It was as though my consciousness was bigger, or better somehow. It was as though I had gotten a spiritual boost somehow. I couldn't explain it, but inwardly it was very real!

Years later, at the right time, I would find out what had happened that night. But first, I would have to

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develop discernment. That is, I would need to develop good judgment and to distinguish between those with whom I could freely discuss unusual events and those with whom I shouldn't.

The rest of the 10-day hunting trip went well, and my friend Burt flew me back to Fairbanks. I shaved and showered, changed clothes, and spent the next two weeks or so getting ready for the fall semester at the University of Alaska at Fairbanks. Also, to my own great surprise, I was emotionally able to finally make a clean and friendly break with the fundamentalist Christian church I had grown up with. That is, I was able to break free from the oppressive emotional and psychological barriers and leave it behind. I certainly didn't have to talk with anyone, but I politely told the minister and the knotheaded elders that I didn't agree anymore with their condemning, narrow-minded, self-righteous, hellfire-and-damnation ideas. And so, I said goodbye and left.

Years later, I was visiting a good friend in Abilene, Texas, a city which is a bastion of fundamentalist Christianity. A city so conservative it makes your teeth ache. He had been disfellowshipped, that is, kicked out of a church group for attending dances, or some other such hideous thing. He asked how my memories were about that church group and I replied, "Bittersweet. I was happy to be a basically good-hearted young person, trying to do what was right, and have fun. And yet the religious system was so oppressive and harsh." He said, wistfully, "Well, things must be better now." And I said, "Yeah, they can't be any worse!" We both had a good laugh! Perhaps many young adults stay in a less-than-

desirable situation because their parents are paying for their college education.

Back at Fairbanks, after the hunt, I was getting ready for the fall semester. It happened that an elderly lady named Ada Charlton asked me to make a recording on a cassette, reading from the Bible. Ada liked my voice, she said. She was a retired lady who was a student at UAF. I made the recording, and later, to my surprise, Ada gave me a large book as a present.

The book was *The Metaphysical Bible Dictionary* from Unity Church of Christianity. Unity, I found out, is a New Thought type of Church which includes the optional belief in reincarnation. Also, in my opinion, they are very positive and not focused on hellfire, guilt, fear, condemning other religions, or praising the glorious life of Saul of Tarsus. I became happily involved with the Unity Church.

Hypnosis and UFO Missing Time

Years later, after the UFO experience I had on the hunting trip, I began to read about how hypnosis can be used to explore what happened during UFO missing time. In such cases, a person or persons are normally going somewhere at night in a car, when they see a bright light in the sky. Perhaps they talk about the light. The next thing they realize is that they are arriving back home. Mysteriously, perhaps about two hours of time are missing. For example, if they anticipated getting home about 10 P.M., perhaps the time is 12 Midnight. They may have no conscious memory of what happened

during the missing time. But, they usually remember seeing the bright light.

Naturally, there are variations of the experience. Some people are walking at night, some are in a boat, some people are in bed, and others have daytime experiences. Among Americans, the estimates are that anywhere from 2% to 5% of the adult population have had UFO-related missing time experiences. Some researchers believe the real numbers are even higher. That is a lot of people! Yesterday, an ABC News poll showed that 69% of adult Americans believe that intelligent extraterrestrial life exists!

To explore what had happened in my case, I got in touch with Dr. Leo Sprinkle of Laramie, Wyoming. Dr. Sprinkle is a leading researcher in the UFO field. He is a trained psychologist, and is retired from a distinguished teaching career at The University of Wyoming at Laramie. He and his wife, Marilyn, operate a private clinical practice at Laramie. Dr. Sprinkle is an expert in the use of hypnosis to help people who have had UFO-related missing time experiences.

Another reason I went to Dr. Sprinkle was because, in my opinion, of his good character and positive spiritual outlook. Some of my friends in the Edgar Cayce study group I attended had advised that being hypnotized is a serious matter, and it is important to choose a person with a very positive, spiritual consciousness.

Under hypnosis, I returned to the events which happened on the years-ago hunting trip in Alaska. Leo asked what, if anything, had happened after I went to bed. What I described was that the glowing disk I had

seen in the distance earlier, was now hovering about 30 or 40 yards in front of my tent. It was perhaps 20 feet in the air, and the white searchlight was shining downward. A human-sounding, female voice came telepathically into my head and said, "May we visit you again?" "Yes," I replied.

Then three human-like beings were coming toward my tent. As they approached, they made walking motions, but appeared to glide about one foot, or so, above the ground. They were silhouetted against the white searchlight behind them. They knelt, and unzipped the tent flaps, and, coming in on their knees, they extended their arms and helped me out of my sleeping bag. Then they kept their arms stretched out, touching on top of my prone body, and floated me out of the tent, toward the hovering craft. We went together, toward the white light, and then together we levitated upward, into the ship.

Aboard the UFO

I found myself on a soft table, which was apparently oval-shaped. The table was grey-colored, and was somewhat flexible, like the soft dashboards in some cars. A white light was shining from the ceiling; it was bright but pleasant. The light was diffused, and I could not see any fixture or bulbs. The sides of the circular room were of a powder-blue color. I had a pleasant feeling, very relaxed, being in the room.

I was on my back on the table, and standing peacefully at my left side, were two of the beings. Intuitively, I sensed that they were females. The most striking thing about these beings were their eyes! They

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have whites and pupils, as we do, but the round pupils are very large. The pupils are circular, about the size of a large coin, such as an American quarter, or even larger. The color of the pupils is a beautiful, deep blue or a vivid purple color. Radiating from the center of the pupils, is a starburst-type of pattern, as one might see in some zircons, or other birthstones. The whites of the eyes within the skull might be the size of tennis balls.

The beings appeared to me to be a variation of human beings. Perhaps, even, they were some sort of human hybrids. They had pink skin, and mostly hairless heads. They stood from perhaps 4 feet, 10 inches tall, to perhaps 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Their noses and mouths were small; their ears were also small and close to their heads. They wore what looked like a one-piece type of jumpsuit. The material looked soft, and was a dull-silvery type of color. I didn't see that they used their mouths for speaking, although they might. I only experienced them communicating using a form of clear telepathy, with myself and each other.

They gave greetings to me and said that a long time had elapsed since they saw me before. Somehow, I felt sure they were talking about the time when I was 13 years old, with my Father, camped along the Colorado River in Texas. They said they thought I was doing well on my path. Then they asked permission to take off my turtleneck nightshirt, and do some examinations. I told them to go ahead.

Next, a metallic-looking object, about the size and shape of a football, was brought over and positioned above me. The object was not attached to anything, and it floated in the air and remained wherever it was

placed. Most of the time, the object hovered about one foot, or a little higher above me. My visitors pressed various buttons on the object, and seemed to obtain information from it. Nothing in the entire examination was ever painful.

At one point in the examination, I thought to ask my visitors where they had come from. After I gave them the question telepathically, they replied that they did not know what the Earth scientists call their star system or home planet. But they said that in their own language they call their home planet "Sy-rahs," or, "Cyros." They said that periodically they travel to other star systems to do research and observe other intelligent beings. Telepathically asking permission is part of their protocol, they said.

I then explained that I felt very excited and positive about the entire visitation experience I was having with them, and I asked if it would be alright for me to tell everyone. "No, not at this time," they explained. "You lack discernment now, the ability to judge between those you should tell and not tell. Later, with maturity, you will gain that judgment. For now, we must place a barrier of forgetfulness. You will not remember what has happened here. But, in the future, when you have discernment, you can find a way to remove the barrier. Then you can remember and tell other people about this time."

A Spiritual Boost

The visitors then asked me if I had any other questions for them. To my amazement now, I could not think

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then of anything else I really needed to ask. I just felt extremely peaceful and had a great sense of well-being. Somehow, at some level, I wished the experience could have gone on for a long time.

Then the visitors asked me if I would like to have a spiritual boost? "Yes," I replied, "Yes, indeed!" A few seconds later, another being entered the room. This being, I sensed, was an older male. He projected a very loving, wise, and spiritual feeling. He walked around to the end of the oval-shaped table and stood facing the top of my head. He extended his arms toward my head, and opened his hands wide. Slowly, he placed both of his hands on top of my head, and held still. He stood there in silence for, I think, at least two or three minutes—perhaps longer. The upper part of my head felt an unusual warmth, and a tingling sensation, like many small electrical pulses.

I simply tried to relax and be open to whatever the spiritual boost was. Certainly, I could feel that something was happening! Finally, the older male removed his hands from the top of my head, patted me a couple of times on the shoulder, and began to walk away. I sent him a telepathic "Thank you" and he turned, smiled briefly, held a hand up in farewell, and left the room. I sent the same message to the two female beings who stood beside the table. They smiled, wished me farewell, and said that perhaps they might see me again at some point in the future. One of the females then placed her fingers to my forehead, and I became unconscious.

The next thing I realized was when I woke up the following morning, as I described earlier, when the tent

flaps were flapping in the breeze, with bright sunlight outside. The strong feelings I had of exhilaration and expanded consciousness now made sense! And so did the many peculiar and inexplicable happenings: why my clothing was turned inside-out, my switched sleeping position, being on top of the sleeping bag, the tent flaps being open, sleeping so late, and so forth.

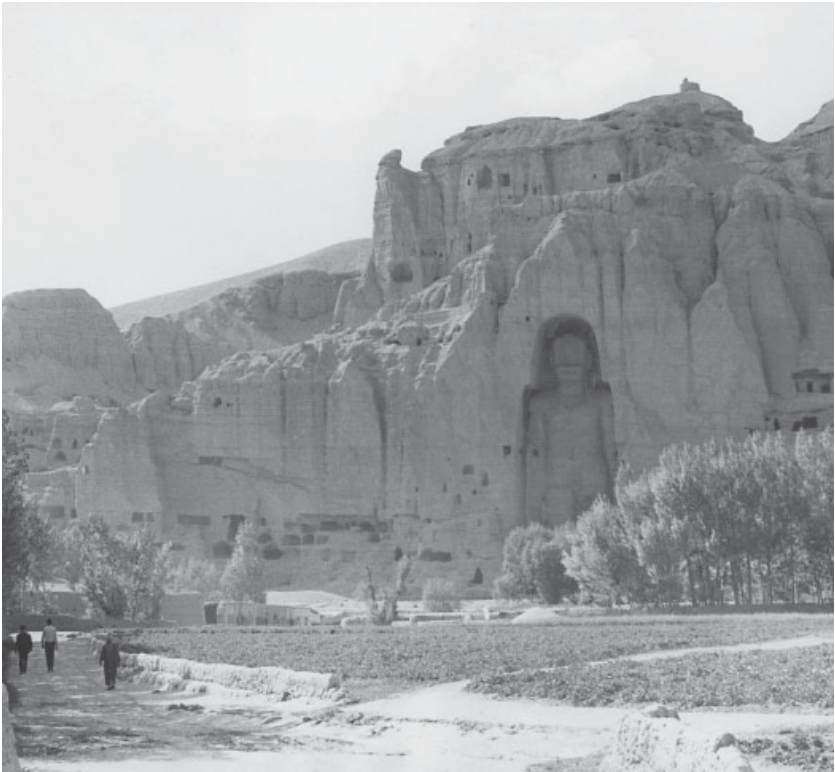
Dr. Leo Sprinkle finished the hypnosis session and gave me a tape recording of what had been said. I thanked Leo for his help and paid him for the session. Later, I would have other hypnosis sessions with Leo and explore some past life events. Also, while talking with Leo, I found out about the annual Rocky Mountain UFO Conference which is held for about four days every June at the University of Wyoming at Laramie. It is always a spiritually-oriented conference and a great event. For more information, please see the Resources section at the end of this book.

From Afghanistan With Love

If the reader will bear with me, let me jump around some more in space and time, in order to tell some other personal stories about paranormal events. A couple of these stories are about out-of-body experiences. Both these stories, interestingly, have an unexpected, external verification. The first story comes from during my time as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Afghanistan.

Before going into the Peace Corps, while I was a student at the University of Alaska at Fairbanks, I was a volunteer with a telephone crisis line. As part of our training, a psychologist from Fairbanks conducted a

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Giant statue of Buddha, Bamiyan, Afghanistan.

guided out-of-body session for our group. He had us stretch out on the carpeted floor and slowly take our awareness out of our bodies. Then he guided us to visit remote parts of the world and return. Afterwards, many of us gave vivid descriptions of exotic places, including sights, sounds, smells, and so forth. Some of us wondered if these experiences had been more than sheer imagination. I wondered also!

Not long before that, I had read a very unusual book by Jack London called *The Star Rover*. In that book, a man

being held prisoner and put in a strait-jacket, finds that he is able to make his spirit leave his body. During this “astral projection” he is able to travel through space and also through time. I was intrigued by the book and fascinated by the stories in it.

Another book I had previously read was *Jadoo: Mysteries of the Orient* by John Keel. In it, Keel describes visiting remote Tibetan monasteries in the Himalayas, where monks travel outside their bodies. They do that in deep meditation and visit other monasteries, villages, and towns. The practice is called “*linga sharira*” in Tibetan language. Upon returning to his body, a monk will describe events he just observed in a distant place. For example, a building burning in a faraway village. The observations were written down and later checked on. Often, the information was completely correct!

Back in Afghanistan, at one point, when I had been there about six months, I was having a bad day. Like many Americans, I was feeling very unwelcome and unappreciated. After work, I rode my bicycle back home, dodging piles of camel manure and wild traffic, and sat in my room. I looked outside at the garden and felt a terrible, wrenching feeling of homesickness. I wanted to stay long enough to have vacation time and see India, but at times I had an almost overwhelming sadness about being in Afghanistan. Then I thought about the out-of-body experience in Alaska, and decided to try something.

I laid down on my Afghan-made bed, called a “*chorpoi*” (“four legs”) and stretched out. Then I breathed deeply for a while and began to slowly withdraw my consciousness from my body. Finally, I visualized my

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soul coming out of my body through the “third eye” in my forehead. Then I went up to the ceiling of the room, and looked down at my body, resting motionless on the bed. Next, I went up through the ceiling and roof, and looked down at the house from 50 feet, or so, above. Also, I looked around at the view of Kabul and the Hindu Kush mountains nearby.

Then I turned westward, and was flying rapidly, much faster than a jet airplane, and I visualized going back to my hometown of Lampasas in Texas. My father had died about four years ago, but my mother was still living. My parents owned a dry cleaning and laundry business, which my mother still operated. I saw my hometown from the air as I approached in spirit form. I had seen it also, in years past, from an airplane, so I knew well what it looked like.

A Surprise Visit

I located my parents' dry cleaners from above, and swooped down, landing in the small parking lot behind the building. I looked around at which cars were there, observed the trees, green plants, and grass. No people were in sight. Then I entered the rear of the building as I had done before, as a child and young person, countless times. I went past the long, humming boiler, glanced at stacks of hanger boxes, and came to an open door. There, beyond the boiler room, was the scrub vat room, a place where normally only one employee at a time worked.

The eight or so employees took turns, one at a time, scrubbing dirty clothes in a running water vat. Even

though my mother owned the business, and enjoyed working the cash register at the front of the business, she regularly took a turn at the scrub vat. And, it happened that day, as I astrally projected there, that I found my mother working at the scrub vat. I was amused at how vigorously she was scrubbing away and humming a merry song. I paused several seconds, and kind of smiled and giggled a little. Then I concentrated on collecting my energy to speak and say something! I know it sounds impossible to make audible sounds without a physical body being there, but it worked! Perhaps I created an electrical impulse.

I tried to gather prana, free-floating energy, concentrate it, and say "Hi, Mom, how are you doing?" I was watching my mother's back, and at my words, she stood bolt upright, as though startled, then dropped the scrub brush. She whirled around and looked straight at me and around me. By then, I was standing near the large, old safe which was near the door and among a lot of unclaimed, hanging clothes. My mother was intently looking for me and walking toward me. About then, I felt the pull to leave, as though my energy level would not let me stay longer. I tried to say "Goodbye" and felt myself being pulled out of the building.

Then I went up, high into the air, and headed eastward, back toward Afghanistan. I was connected to my very long, thin, silver cord which connected my soul to my physical body. Rapidly, I returned to Afghanistan and to my motionless body on the bed. The house was completely dark and silent except for the ticking of a clock on the wall and the soft snoring of my housemate, another young man in the Peace Corps, who slept in

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another part of the house. I changed into my pyjamas, set my alarm clock, and quickly fell asleep.

Although I wrote letters about once a week to my mother, I never wrote about the attempt at astral projection. After all, I felt it must have only been an imaginary experience, and a pretty silly experience, too. At almost the end of the year, after I had spent a year teaching in Afghanistan and traveled in Pakistan, India, and Nepal, I was able to visit Texas again. I had requested that the Peace Corps would later give me a different assignment, and I had asked for someplace in the South Pacific. It worked out later that I was given an assignment in the Fiji Islands and I taught there for two years.

Arriving Back in Texas

Arriving back in Texas one cold, December evening, my mother met me at the Austin airport. After getting my baggage, we put it in the car, and began driving away from the airport. I was astounded when, on her own initiative, my mother began to describe her experience of the “scrub vat” story—with great enthusiasm!!! I had never written or told anyone about the astral projection! My mother described how that about six months before, she had one day been working alone in the scrub vat room at the cleaners. Suddenly, as she was scrubbing some blue jeans, she heard my voice, loud and clear, coming from behind her. She said she heard something like, “Hi, Mom. How are you doing?”

She said that she was completely surprised because she knew I was on the other side of the world! In Afghanistan or India! Then she thought I must have returned

home secretly, as a surprise. From my letters she knew I was not really happy working in Afghanistan. She told me that she searched for me, for a long time, among the unclaimed clothing. She had heard my voice so clearly! I must be hiding somewhere in the room, she thought. Finally, when she had searched everywhere, she sat down and began crying, she said. Some of her employees came in the room then and found her weeping.

I explained to my mother about the out-of-body experience I had in Afghanistan and told her the details of what happened. She said she was skeptical about out-of-body experiences, but could not come up with an explanation for having heard my voice so clearly. She then said something to the effect that she felt I had been going through a very difficult period in Afghanistan. I agreed that I had indeed gone through a harrowing time.

Several years after that experience, I had another very memorable out-of-body experience which happened here in the United States, in Louisiana. I had returned from several years of teaching English as a Second Language (ESL) in numerous foreign countries, including my Peace Corps experiences in Afghanistan and the Fiji Islands. Back in Texas, I had been hired to go to Louisiana to teach ESL to a group of young Saudi Arabian men. The company that hired me was called Telemedia and was based in Chicago, Illinois.

The project I was hired for was located in Natchitoches, Louisiana. Locally, the name is pronounced as "Nack-uh-dish." A group of about 10 staff were training a team of about 45 young Saudi Arabian men to operate a methanol plant. Methanol is a petroleum derivative, and is also called wood alcohol. At that

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time, a huge methanol plant was being built in Saudi Arabia at a place on the eastern coast called Jubail. I had been hired for the Louisiana project to take the place of a teacher who had gone to Saudi Arabia.

The out-of-body experience I had happened after I had been in Louisiana just a few days. The company, Telemedia, had given each new employee a free month's stay at the Holiday Inn to give everyone time to find housing. One of the other new employees, also staying at the Holiday Inn, was very cheerful and gregarious. A few days after I arrived, he saw me after work on a Friday afternoon and told me to come to his room for drinks. I cheerfully accepted.

Two other employees were also there, with an abundance of beer. My new friend had bought a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch. He wanted us to celebrate a little with him, he explained. After two or three beers, and sipping on a jigger of the Scotch, I was feeling pretty sleepy and relaxed. Fortunately, I only had to walk a short distance to get back to my room. I never like to drink and drive! Soon, my friends ordered a pizza, and I stayed to eat some of that. Finally, my host offered me another jigger of Scotch before I left. I sipped it a little at a time. Normally, I'm not much of a whiskey drinker, but on some occasions I will have a little. I finished the drink, thanked my host, said goodbye to everyone, and left. It was about 11 P.M.

A Different Reality

I walked safely back to my room and locked the door. Whew! My head was spinning in a pleasant,

inebriated way. Not typical for me. I changed into my pyjamas and started to get into bed. Then I thought about my meditation training. Normally, every day I had been meditating for 15 or 20 minutes, using my mantra, a holy word in Sanskrit language. I had missed meditation that morning, and so, even though I had been drinking, I thought I would meditate for a while before sleeping. I sat cross-legged on the carpet, made my spine erect, focused on my breathing, and began inwardly repeating my mantra. After a deep, good meditation, I got up and went to bed. I fell asleep right away.

The next thing I realized, I woke up in a different reality! That is, like a student who has dozed off in a class, and suddenly snaps back to alertness. I found myself still in my pyjamas, but sitting cross-legged on a table. The table was perhaps four feet square, and four feet off the floor. Sitting on an identical table, and within an arm's reach, was a white-bearded gentleman wearing a turban and robes! It sounded like he was giving a very wise, learned answer to some spiritual question I had asked. I was completely boggled and awestruck; it was not like a dream! It was like I was wide-awake, but in a completely different reality! It was frightening!

With my hands, I felt my legs, chest, and face. I tapped on the table I was sitting on. Everything was real. I glanced around at the room or enclosure, which seemed perhaps as big as a gymnasium, or larger. The walls looked like a royal blue color. Some type of diffused white light was shining from above, giving good clear lighting. I reached forward with my right

arm, and with my fingertips, I touched one knee of the turbaned man. I gasped! He was real too! At that, he paused patiently, stopped speaking, and looked at me in an amused and pleasant way.

I swallowed and said in a quiet, even voice, "Am I dead?" The turbaned man smiled, "No," he said, "You and I have met here like this countless times. The difference is that this time you will vividly remember, and you can share this experience with others. Do you have some questions I can help you with?" he asked.

"Well, let's see now, let me savor this moment, as I think. Oh yes, who are you?" I asked. He smiled and replied that he is one of my spiritual guides 'on the other side' and that we meet frequently, when my body sleeps, to discuss spiritual matters. He said that on a different level, I might be experiencing normal dreams, which I could often remember. His striking blue eyes seemed to look deep within me. Somehow, the strangeness of the place had faded, and I felt comfortable, even familiar, being there and in my guide's presence.

I can't remember seeing him look at a wristwatch or clock, but he seemed precisely aware of the time, because he then said, "You must now return to your sleeping body and wake up!"

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because," he continued, "your mother is going to give you a phone call at exactly 6 A.M.. And, when she actually calls you at 6 A.M., as she will, you will never forget that this experience here really happened!" "Also," he added, "it will be a good experience for your mother. She may freak out a little, but it will help expand her thinking."

"No offense," I said, "but you are crazy! My mother would not call me on a Saturday morning at 6 A.M., just out of the blue! It would never happen!"

My spiritual guide smiled patiently at me and said, "Regardless of what you believe or don't believe, you must go back there now! Then see what happens! You can always apologize to me later. Farewell!" He waved goodbye, and I found myself flying very rapidly through a tunnel-like structure, coming down through the ceiling of the hotel room, and abruptly reentering my body!

An Early Phone Call

I sat upright quickly, blinked my eyes, felt the bed, and looked around the darkened room. Yes, this was the Holiday Inn, alright. I glanced to my left and looked at my electric alarm clock, which has an orange-colored glow-in-the-dark face. The time was two minutes before 6 A.M.! I smiled. Was this a coincidence? Had I just had an imaginary experience? I didn't think so. I began clearing my throat and speaking out loud, practicing my voice, to sound wide-awake. I was! Just before 6 A.M., I put my left hand on the receiver of the phone, ready to pick it up.

On the first ring, exactly at 6 A.M., I quickly picked up the receiver and said in a clear voice, "Good morning, Mom. How are you doing?" There was a long pause. A long, long pause. Finally, I heard my mother's voice say, "How could you possibly know I would be calling you at this time? I didn't tell anyone else, and I didn't even decide myself to call you until a moment ago."

"Well," I said, "would you really like to know?"

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"I'm not sure I do, but go ahead anyway," she said.

"A few minutes ago," I said, "my physical body was asleep, and my spirit was in a different dimension, a place called the astral plane. I was having a meeting with my spiritual guide. He interrupted the meeting to tell me you would call me at 6 A.M. I didn't believe him at first, but he was right! Well, what do you think?" I concluded.

"You are crazy," she said, "but listen, I'm calling because I'm making an unexpected trip to Hawaii. I'm calling from the San Francisco Airport. I'll be meeting your brother there and I'll be gone a couple of weeks. Don't worry about me and take care," she said. We said goodbye and I wished her a happy trip.

The experience I had with my spiritual guide, the phone call, and so on, still amazes me even now! Sometimes the truth really is stranger than fiction.



*Mt. Pumo Ri and Kala Pattar (center, right)
beside Khumbu Glacier, Nepal.*

CHAPTER 12

Some Closing Thoughts

If we don't change directions, we are likely to end up where we are going.

—Chinese folk saying

When Mahatma Gandhi was leading the non-violent movement in India for freedom from British rule, British soldiers were frequently sent to observe his public appearances. Sometimes the soldiers were sent in disguise, as spies, to report back to their superiors. Because of the multiplicity of languages spoken in India, Gandhi often gave speeches to large crowds using the English language. But, the British officers who sent soldiers as spies told them that if

Gandhi speaks in English, they should move back, out of hearing range.

"Why?" asked the soldiers, saying, "If we are being sent to spy on the man, shouldn't we listen closely to what he is saying?"

"Well, Gandhi is talking rubbish," said the officers, "and you are likely to become confused if you listen to such nonsense!"

What was the real reason for not listening? Gandhi was telling the TRUTH!!!

And the British officers knew that many times in the past, soldiers who listened to Gandhi's eloquent and truthful words changed their thinking. The truth Gandhi spoke was compelling, and rational men and women were often won over to his side. Such soldiers were often transferred to duty in other parts of the British Empire. But that didn't change the truth! India eventually won her independence in 1947 through non-violent means.

Some people claim that soldiers were also sent, 2,000 years ago by the Romans to spy on Jmmanuel, who was later called Jesus Christ. There is an alleged story about an aging Roman centurion named Longinus, who was often sent to spy because of his flair for languages. The story says that Longinus spoke Aramaic and Greek, as well as Latin. He was often sent in disguise to listen to Jmmanuel's public speeches. But the truth won Longinus over to become sympathetic to Jmmanuel.

Ironically, the last duty assignment Longinus was given before his retirement was to oversee a crucifixion—Jmmanuel's. Tradition has it that Longinus used his spear to make a superficial wound in Jmmanuel's

hip and to quickly pronounce him dead—and leave with his soldiers. Professor Ravenwood's *Spear of Destiny* book contains a wealth of information about Longinus' spear and its history.

The Talmud of Jmmanuel explains that Joseph of Arimathea could tell that Jmmanuel was not dead, but was in a state of near-death. Knowing that, he quickly saw Pilate and obtained permission to take the body. Pilate, too, was surprised at such a quick death but gave permission. After the body was placed in Joseph's tomb, Joseph returned quickly with Jmmanuel's friends from India who entered through the secret, tunnel entrance. They ministered to Jmmanuel and all of them left three days later. Jmmanuel recuperated in hiding in Damascus for two years, later returning to India.

Did They Stay Dead?

As a kind of mental brainstorming, let's think for a while about some famous people, both historical and fictitious, who apparently died but later were reported by some people to perhaps still be alive. In no particular order, some of those are John Wilkes Booth, Jesse James, Adolph Hitler, Princess Anastasia, the Lone Ranger (fictitious, but interesting to think about), and of course, as we are discussing in this book, Jesus Christ (Jmmanuel), and Judas Iscariot. Naturally, the list could be made much longer. Perhaps the reader can think of a few additions to the list.

What did all these people have in common? Clearly, they all had a good reason to be dead—and to stay that way. If they were not really dead, life would be much

better for them if people continued to think they were dead. Obviously, they would move to a different location, or better yet, to a different part of the world. They would take a completely different name and use some kind of disguise.

For example, John Wilkes Booth, the alleged assassin of President Abraham Lincoln, was supposedly killed during a shootout at Garrett's Farm. But two of the Union soldiers who were present and examined the body signed an affidavit saying that the body was not John Wilkes Booth. The two soldiers had seen Booth perform in a play in New Orleans, and had met and spoken with him afterwards at a reception. The dead man, they said, was a different man than Booth. Of course at the time, there was tremendous pressure from the public and government to come to closure. After the public hangings of the co-conspirators, the terrors of the assassination could be put to rest.

About Booth, an intriguing book *The Reincarnation of John Wilkes Booth* by Dell Leonardi examines a case of hypnosis and past life enquiry. The individual revealed under hypnosis that he was the reincarnation of Booth. The fascinating story from this case is that Booth did not die at Garrett's Farm, but escaped from San Francisco on a ship bound for England. He changed his identity and lived the rest of his life as an actor in England, eventually dying at Calais, France.

Booth was also reportedly seen in other diverse parts of the world, even in Ceylon and India. Certainly, in a non-electronic age when even photography was at a minimum, escaping and covering one's identity would have been much easier.

Jesse James was, and still is, a folk hero for many people. After James' death at the hands of one of his own men, persistent rumors continued to circulate well into the twentieth century that Jesse James had survived. The rumors claimed that another man had been killed and that James had escaped to start a new life in disguise.

DNA Testing

A recent program on PBS television's Nova series was about an enquiry into the Jesse James mystery using DNA testing. The testing involved the exhumation of the remains of the body of Jesse James and the extraction of DNA material from the teeth. That DNA was compared with DNA samples given voluntarily by three of the living biological descendants of Jesse James. The results were a 99%+ positive match, almost certainly proving that the body is truly that of Jesse James.

Another famous individual whose death is clouded in mystery is Adolph Hitler. Despite the matching of dental records, some have speculated that Hitler had several unfortunate Jewish doubles created. Even Dwight D. Eisenhower was quoted as saying that he himself never believed that Hitler had died that day with Eva Braun in the bunker. The well-known psychic and author Hans Holzer claimed that he had a psychic vision of Adolph Hitler escaping Germany through Spain, disguised as a priest. Perhaps Hitler died later somewhere in South America from a brain tumor or cancer.

I think the reader can see what I'm getting at with this list: it is a mixed bag. In some cases, a physician and/or other experts made a scientific determination

that a person was really dead. In other cases there was great confusion and uncertainty about whether a person was actually dead or not. In the case of Jesus Christ (Jmmanuel) the centurion, Longinus, who made the death verdict may have lied knowingly, and on purpose, to protect Jesus. The centurion's Roman soldiers would gladly accept his verdict, and the order to go home to a hot dinner, wine, and a dry room. Remember, terribly dark storm clouds were sweeping in and a hard rain was about to begin.

The Talmud of Jmmanuel explains that Joseph of Arimathea, a very perceptive and intelligent man, could perceive as he stood close to Jmmanuel's body that he was in a state of near-death, and not yet dead. Of interesting note: some yogis in India are able to enter into a deep meditative state in which they are able to stop their heartbeat, breathing, and circulation of blood. Physicians examining those yogis have proclaimed them 'dead,' only to watch them afterwards resume their body functions and come back to life. Certainly Jesus (Jmmanuel) had studied yoga in India for many years and could perform many yogic feats. If he wanted to appear dead, he certainly could accomplish it.

Let me again at this point encourage the reader to look at *Celestial Teachings* by Dr. James W. Deardorff which is a verse-by-verse comparison and analysis of the Gospel of Matthew an *The Talmud of Jmmanuel*. Also, of great importance and value is *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* translated into English by Julie H. Ziegler and B.L. Greene. In my humble opinion, *The Talmud of Jmmanuel* is the original, uncensored Gospel of Matthew. That is, the missing book of proto-Matthew which is as

heretical as hell! The Jewish Christian convert who re-wrote proto-Matthew censored, redacted, and substituted to create our sanitized Matthew. *Celestial Teachings*, mentioned above, gives the scholarly explanations.

An Overview of Some of Earth's Problems

Before closing, let me refer again to the Billy Meier contactee case in Switzerland, and some very important information given to Meier by the Pleiadians. To obtain the exact and complete information, I encourage the reader to use the Internet and go to Meier's website or write to Switzerland (see Resources).

That website is: <http://www.figu.ch/us/billy/billy.htm>

Also, I have sometimes simply used: www.figu.ch

Specifically, I encourage the reader to read Contact 251 which occurred February 3, 1995. That information is in three parts, each part being about 14 pages. If you have access to a printer, you might like to print out the entire thing and read it at your leisure. The conversation is between Ptaah, a Pleiadian commander, and Eduard "Billy" Meier.

Let me briefly paraphrase some of the most important points, and again, I refer you to the Meier website above for the precise, complete, and accurate information. Or you may write directly to Meier's organization, the FIGU (an acronym; see Resources), in Switzerland. That address is in the Resources section at the end of this book.

Overpopulation of our planet is our biggest and most critical problem. The Pleiadians say that our human population on planet Earth should be about 540,000,000 people. Human birth rates should be greatly reduced.

The Pleiadians say that it is unfortunate that in our very ancient past, many human races from other star systems in our Milky Way galaxy have been 'dumped here,' in a sense. Most planets with human life, they say, have a single race of humans, which makes things easier.

The Worldwide AIDS Epidemic: I remember reading in 1989 in the first book of "The Contact Notes" that Semjase told Meier that the origin of the AIDS epidemic was started by some American homosexual men who went to Uganda, Africa and had sex with captive long-tailed monkeys. Semjase said the AIDS virus is always present in those monkeys, but it remains dormant. When it crosses to humans it becomes active. On January 31, 1999, on an ABC Newsbreak on TV's Discovery Channel came the statement: "Scientists have discovered that the origin of AIDS came from Central Africa from a type of chimpanzee."

The Money System: the Pleiadians say that we have a bizarre and perhaps unique system of money. Most human planets, they say, have non-monetary systems which use some kind of credits. People do their own mission, or life's work, and receive life's necessities, and other credits for luxuries. People do not try to accumulate wealth as power. The Pleiadians have many androids and robotic creatures who do much of the hard labor.

Genetic Manipulation for Enhanced Aggression and Rapid Aging

Genetic Manipulation: in our extremely ancient past, a deliberate genetic manipulation was performed on Earth humans. Sadly, the effect of that manipulation was to make earth humans more warlike and aggressive, more willing and eager to fight, than is normal human nature! Self-defense is a normal and very necessary part of human nature, say the Pleiadians. They explain that our ancient ancestors from Lyra were genetically tampered with by another Lyrian faction. That genetic alteration made us more like fighting machines, like willing mercenaries. After our usefulness was finished, a benefactor group rescued us and hid us away on Earth. Our ancient genetic manipulation has continued to the present day. And there is more!

An additional manipulation was to alter a gene which governs the human aging process. Consequently, instead of having a human lifespan of 400 to 1,000 years—or possibly longer—the lifetime would be 100 years basically. Or much less, as we know. The intention of this was to limit the possibility that Earth humans would organize, in very ancient times, against those who had done the genetic tampering. Rapid aging! It is not really a normal part of the human condition. As I mentioned before, for the complete and accurate information on these genetic manipulations and other matters, refer to Contact 251 on Meier's website (above).

Worth noting also: as we speak of the human condition, the Pleiadians told Billy Meier that in our Milky Way galaxy alone, they know of more than 500,000,000 planets which have human beings! Like us! And of course, there are variations in skin colors, hair, and other features, but nonetheless, humans are common intelligent life-forms throughout the Creation. The Pleiadian humans and ourselves share a common, yet divergent, ancient history going back to the constellation Lyra. Again, refer to Meier's website.

A Marginal Atmosphere

Connecting with the rapid aging topic, the Pleiadians say that Earth's atmosphere is, at best, just marginal for humans to breathe. Our atmosphere contributes to our genetically-altered rapid aging! Some years ago, when I took training in SCUBA (Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus), I was very surprised when our instructor explained that the air we breathe is only about 18% Oxygen, about 80% Nitrogen, and the remainder is a melange of trace gasses such as Helium, Neon, Argon, and so forth. Only 18% Oxygen? I thought. And that's at sea level! The SCUBA tanks, incidentally, are not filled with pure Oxygen, but rather, with ordinary compressed air.

The Pleiadians say that the desirable oxygen content in air should be just above 30%, perhaps around 32%, or something like that. Billy Meier could tell you exactly. And, the Pleiadians say that many of the trace gasses in Earth's air are detrimental for human health, certainly in the long run! We would be

much better off to eventually move to a different star system and find a planet with a truly good atmosphere—and a younger sun.

Speaking of star systems, the Pleiadians say that our sun is actually a dying star—it is on the decline. More than our scientists now realize. Consequently, the sun will display increasingly erratic behavior in the future. Again, another reason for terrestrial humans to eventually plan to re-locate to a different star system. The Pleiadians explain that our Sol system's remote location, the waning sun, and the marginal atmosphere were all factors used by our ancient benefactors in choosing the Earth as a hiding place. Our benefactors were trying to hide us, the genetically-altered humans. For complete details, please refer to Meier's website shown above, and read Contact 251.

To briefly conclude a listing of some of Earth's greatest problems: the Pleiadians also say that the ozone layer is of critical importance to the Earth's well-being. They also say that any form of atomic bomb explosions do horrendous damage to the Earth—even if those atomic explosions take place underground! They say that fine matter particles which our scientists cannot yet observe are shot out by such underground explosions and thrown into Earth's upper atmosphere. There, the fine matter particles traumatize and damage the upper atmosphere, including the ozone layer. Consequently, more harmful radiation from the sun is able to reach Earth's surface, causing cancers, mutations, and other ills.

To paraphrase further, the continuing planet-wide burning of fossil fuels will exacerbate, that is, worsen,

the environmental problems which Earth faces. Global warming and the consequent, gradual melting of glaciers and the polar ice caps will eventually cause rising sea levels and grave problems.

Lastly, although there are many more problems, the Pleiadians say that Earth's governments have consistently sought to control, manipulate, exploit, and otherwise dominate the people of Earth. Governments have not tried to help people to grow spiritually, think critically, or become self-empowered. As the saying goes: "Keep their bellies full and their heads empty."

But, in the near future, the masses of people will start to grow spiritually, and the house of cards will crumble. The Pleiadians also lambaste Earth's scientists and religious leaders, saying they are mainly interested in power, status, and wealth. But, sweeping changes are coming which will affect our entire civilization. One of those changes will be proof positive that an ancient human civilization existed on Mars. We will then learn that humans both on Earth and Mars were brought here from elsewhere. The Pleiadians say humans were also brought to the planet of Milona, which was later cataclysmically destroyed and became the asteroid belt. Again, the Meier website, and Contact 251 will give the complete and accurate details.

The Truth Will Prevail

There is a beautiful saying, "The truth will prevail." Meaning, the truth will ultimately win. Did anyone seriously think that Nelson Mandela would win? Or

did anyone believe the former Soviet Union would be vanquished and broken apart? Did anyone believe the Berlin Wall would be broken down? When Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat on the bus, did anyone believe her action would really change anything? But in the end, the truth prevailed, and some very unlikely things have happened.

The reason I discuss these things now is in the context of thinking about Jesus (Jmmanuel) in India. For basically 2,000 years the truth has been hidden from us, from the masses of ordinary people. It is my belief that an avalanche is coming. That avalanche will begin in small ways, by people searching for the real truth about the life of Jesus. It will gain momentum as scholars, academics, researchers, and people from all walks of life discover more and more evidence pointing in the same direction. That direction will show that the mysterious, missing years in the life of Jesus was a time of intense travel, learning, and activity.

We will learn that Jesus (Jmmanuel) did not end his life on the cross. And, that he returned to India, married, had children, and lived a long and happy life. His home base there was at Srinagar in Kashmir, India. We will learn more about his extensive travels and his wonderful spiritual teachings about the Creation and its laws. Yes, an avalanche of new thinking and enquiry is coming.

The avalanche will be a significant, profound change in the spiritual beliefs and thinking of large numbers of ordinary people. As a result, our spiritual outlook and belief systems will be transformed, for the better.

Reincarnation

The simple truth of reincarnation will become an accepted, mainstream belief in western civilization, as it already is in many parts of Asia. Each human soul returns for a great number of lifetimes. We learn from our mistakes, and learn the laws of the Creation. Putting on a human body is like putting on a suit of clothes. At the end of a lifetime, we cast off the suit of clothes, and our soul returns to its true realm, the spiritual dimension. Later, after rest and consultations, we examine the status of our karma (the law of cause and effect) and look at the parameters of our possible choices. Then when we decide to return and continue our spiritual progress, we choose our parents (normally we choose persons with whom we have incarnated before, as family and friends).

Often, we incarnate with persons we genuinely like. Other times, we incarnate with persons we had problems with, in order to make better choices and peacefully resolve troubles from past lifetimes. Karma is the Sanskrit word for the law of cause and effect. The thoughts, words, and actions which people send forth bear their fruit, good seeds bring good fruits and evil brings forth evil.

The results of karma can be almost instantaneous. For example, perhaps you see someone you don't like, walking on an icy sidewalk. You wish that he or she falls down. Suddenly, perhaps you fall down instead.

Or karma may work itself out days, weeks, months, years, or even lifetimes later. The Edgar Cayce readings include the case of an attractive young woman with an

impotent husband who was confined to a wheelchair. The life reading for the woman explained that during the Crusades, the couple had been married then also. But, in that lifetime, the husband had forced his wife, against her will, to wear a metal chastity belt. That happened when the husband left to join a lengthy Crusade of perhaps two or three years. The wife was, understandably, furious! She swore a solemn vow for revenge. And, hundreds of years later, in the present, she had her chance. But, the Cayce readings said that she had grown spiritually, and decided to be faithful to her husband, to help him, and forgive him.

Karma may often manifest itself as a disease or physical deformity. One example, also from the Cayce material, is concerning asthma. In some cases, asthma can be an indication that in a past lifetime, an individual may have literally choked the breath out of another person. Perhaps, in a fit of anger, choking a bound prisoner to death with hands squeezing the victim's neck. Certainly, not every asthma case involves past life actions. An excellent book dealing with karma, reincarnation, and the Edgar Cayce readings, is Dr. Gina Cerminara's "Many Mansions."

From MIZAR with Love

As I am concluding things, let me briefly tell a personal story about some of my own past lives, as I understand them. Correctly or otherwise, I have been told by several people during past life readings that I originally came to Earth from elsewhere. That is, I was living as a human being on a planet which orbits the star

we call Mizar. Mizar is located in the Big Dipper, the Ursa Major (Great Bear) constellation.

If you look at the handle of the Big Dipper, Mizar is not the star at the end of the handle, but rather, the next one in. That is, it is the second star from the end of the handle. Mizar has a companion star we call Alcor. If the sky is clear and you are away from city lights, you can faintly see Alcor beside Mizar. The estimate of the distance from Mizar to Earth is approximately 77 light years. In the galactic neighborhood, eh?

When I have been asked under hypnosis about Mizar, the vision I have seen is of an Earth-like planet, with a spiritually advanced race of human beings. The clothing I saw reminded me of Roman-like togas, tunics, and gowns, often in pastel colors, with waist bands and head bands. The buildings I saw were sturdy, stone buildings with sloped, Tibetan-type walls. The doorways were mostly circular-shaped. I saw low tables for dining, which appeared to be made of a thick, white-marble type of stone. Cushions were on the floor for sitting and large bowls filled with fruit were on the tables.

Outside, in the streets and wide avenues, were various kinds of anti-gravity vehicles, skimming along without wheels. Beautiful trees, bushes, and flowers flanked the wide sidewalks where cheerful-looking people strolled. Somehow, I had the feeling that this was a non-money based civilization. There was unlimited, non-polluting, free energy and many robotic and android workers. The air seemed sweet and easy to breathe, with a high oxygen content.

The technology was very high, yes, but most importantly, the masses of people were very advanced

spiritually. Consequently, their consciousness and thinking was at a consistently high level. Everyone had a personal mission, or life's work, which they performed about four hours a day. Everyone received the food, clothing, and shelter they needed. There were large halls for group meditations and the people devoted much time to spiritual studies and helping each other.

Of keen interest to me, was the observation that people did not look 'driven.' That is, people did not look stressed, fear-based, and driven by busy-ness. The tail was not wagging the dog. The people were not being controlled by their civilization; they were controlling their own civilization! The pace of life looked purposeful, but relaxed and good-natured, also.

Looking at myself, I was a young man with brown, shoulder-length hair and a headband. I wore a toga-like garment with a belt. Somehow, I looked a little like Prince Valiant. My wife had dark, shoulder-length hair with a headband and she wore an elegant, simple gown. We were alone in that dining room and sat down for a talk.

Apparently, that planet was my homeworld and I had been there for very many lifetimes. In that lifetime, I was a linguist, a specialist in understanding and cataloging various languages. The subject my wife and I were discussing was that I had been invited to join an expedition to the Sol system to visit a planet called Earth. Earth was one of various planets our civilization visited only occasionally on discreet research expeditions. It was known to be an interesting place to observe, but barbaric and potentially dangerous.

As usual, we would travel through hyperspace using tachyons to reach earth, and return the same way.

We anticipated being gone about two weeks. There would be an element of danger, yes, but we were well-equipped and would take precautions. My wife knew I wanted to make the trip and she reluctantly agreed. We kissed and she told me to be careful. I promised that I would. Some time later, we said our farewells, and I left on the expedition.

Journey to Earth

The journey to Earth went routinely. Nearing the close of the two weeks of research, we unexpectedly developed mechanical problems with our large, saucer-shaped spacecraft. We landed in a meadow or clearing at the top of a high hill or mountain. Apparently, the present-day name of the location may be Borneo, in the western part of the Pacific Ocean.

Normally, whenever we landed, we generated a protective force-field around the craft. But in the present situation, to undertake the necessary repairs, we had to shut down all our power systems, even our main generator. We posted lookouts and began our repairs. Unknown to us, there were nearby tribes of humans who were both cannibals and headhunters.

Aware of our presence, hundreds of cannibals, armed with spears and bows and arrows, crept toward us in the surrounding jungle. Although we had advanced laser-type weapons, we were overwhelmed by the sheer number of the attackers and their swift ferocity. All of us were killed in the brief battle. As I am told, those events took place 20,000 years ago, or more, in the ancient past.

And, I have been here ever since! If all this is true, I would like to go back to Mizar! So I have been here, incarnating and continuing my upward spiritual path in the best way I could. If I understand correctly, it is a basic law of reincarnation that if a human being is killed on another planet, the soul must stay there and reincarnate there. That goes on until the soul reaches an “exit level” of high spiritual development.

Then the soul is able to travel to another planet which serves as a staging zone to the next level of development. If I understand correctly also, both the Edgar Cayce material and Paramahansa Yogananda mentioned the Arcturus star system as a staging zone for some of the souls leaving Earth.

Another way such a human soul can leave is for a female human visitor, in the early stages of pregnancy, to allow such a stranded human soul to enter the foetus. The female and her group then leave aboard a spaceship and return to the home planet.

A third method I have heard of is a teleportation system, but I do not know the details of how it would be set up.

Helping the Virtuous Underdogs

The pattern, I have been told, of most of my lifetimes here on Earth is that of helping the virtuous underdogs. That is, being on the side of those who opposed tyranny and injustice. And there has been a huge amount of tyranny and injustice on planet Earth! There have been victories against oppression and, at other times, those who struggled for justice have gotten thoroughly stomped

on! But, I am still an optimist and a believer that the truth will prevail. And that goodness will vanquish evil!

Frequently, in past lifetimes, I was a spiritual leader such as a shaman or holy man. Often also, I was a warrior, a hunter providing food for a village, or a scout and explorer. Many times I have been a Native American Indian. Many times also, I was incarnated in ancient Atlantis. I think perhaps I liked Atlantis so much because it reminded me a lot of my home planet in the Mizar system. But, the people of Atlantis though, had a strong streak of arrogance and self-importance which I didn't care for. The Edgar Cayce material spoke extensively about events in Atlantis. As I understand it also, about 90% of American citizens have had numerous past lifetimes in Atlantis. Does it show? Also, flying in aircraft and using high technology were very Atlantean characteristics.

Many of my past lifetimes were as a citizen of ancient Atlantis; once I was the ruler of a city in Atlantis. In another lifetime, I was the leader of a group of farmers in ancient Egypt. Another was as a Druid priest. Other times were as a Greek or Roman soldier. Another was as a rebel leader in the time of Robin Hood in the 1200's in England. Also, I was a British soldier in colonial India. Many times I was a Native American Indian holy man and hunter. Two of my most recent lifetimes were as a Catholic priest and monk. A very unusual priest. And that, is another story!

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Mt. Kilimanjaro seen from Amboseli, Kenya.

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

EDWARD T. MARTIN was born and raised in a small town in the Hill Country of central Texas. During his childhood, on summer vacation trips with his parents, he was able to visit many parts of the United States.

At the age of 19, he drove with a friend to Alaska to fight summertime forest fires with the Bureau of Land Management. He attended the University of Alaska at Fairbanks, where he later graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Speech Communications. At the age of 21, he made his first overseas trip to Kenya, Tanzania (where he climbed to the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro), and Uganda. While in Alaska, he was actively involved with parachuting, archery, and mountaineering (including a summit climb of Mt. McKinley).

After graduating from UAF, he became a Peace Corps volunteer, teaching English as a Second Language (ESL) in Afghanistan. While in Asia, he traveled extensively in Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, and Nepal. During his travels in India, he researched the subject of Jesus in India and found a surprising amount of historical evidence and folklore.

Later, he was a Peace Corps volunteer for two years in the South Pacific, in the Fiji Islands. During that time, he traveled extensively in Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia. After leaving Fiji, he lived for one year at Izumo, Japan where he taught ESL and studied the martial arts of Kendo and Iaido (Fencing and Swordsmanship), earning a Shodan degree in both.

He also taught ESL for one year at Taif, Saudi Arabia for Siyanco Corporation and later he taught ESL to Afghan refugees at Peshawar, Pakistan. In the United States he has worked as a teacher, a newspaper reporter and photographer, and as the manager of a publishing company. He is an avid student of comparative religion, spirituality, history, and foreign cultures. A gifted linguist, he speaks seven languages.

Currently, he owns and operates a publishing business and conducts adventure tours to remote sites throughout the world. Some of his destinations are: India, Nepal, Tibet, Kenya, Tanzania, Ecuador, Peru, Australia, New Zealand, and Alaska.

Mr. Martin is also available for public speaking, conferences, and workshops about the subject of Jesus in India, *The Talmud of Immanuel*, and a range of New Age topics. To contact the author or to request a catalogue of our unusual books and expeditions write to:

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